THIRTEEN YEARS OF SCOUT ADVENTURE

STUART P. WALSH

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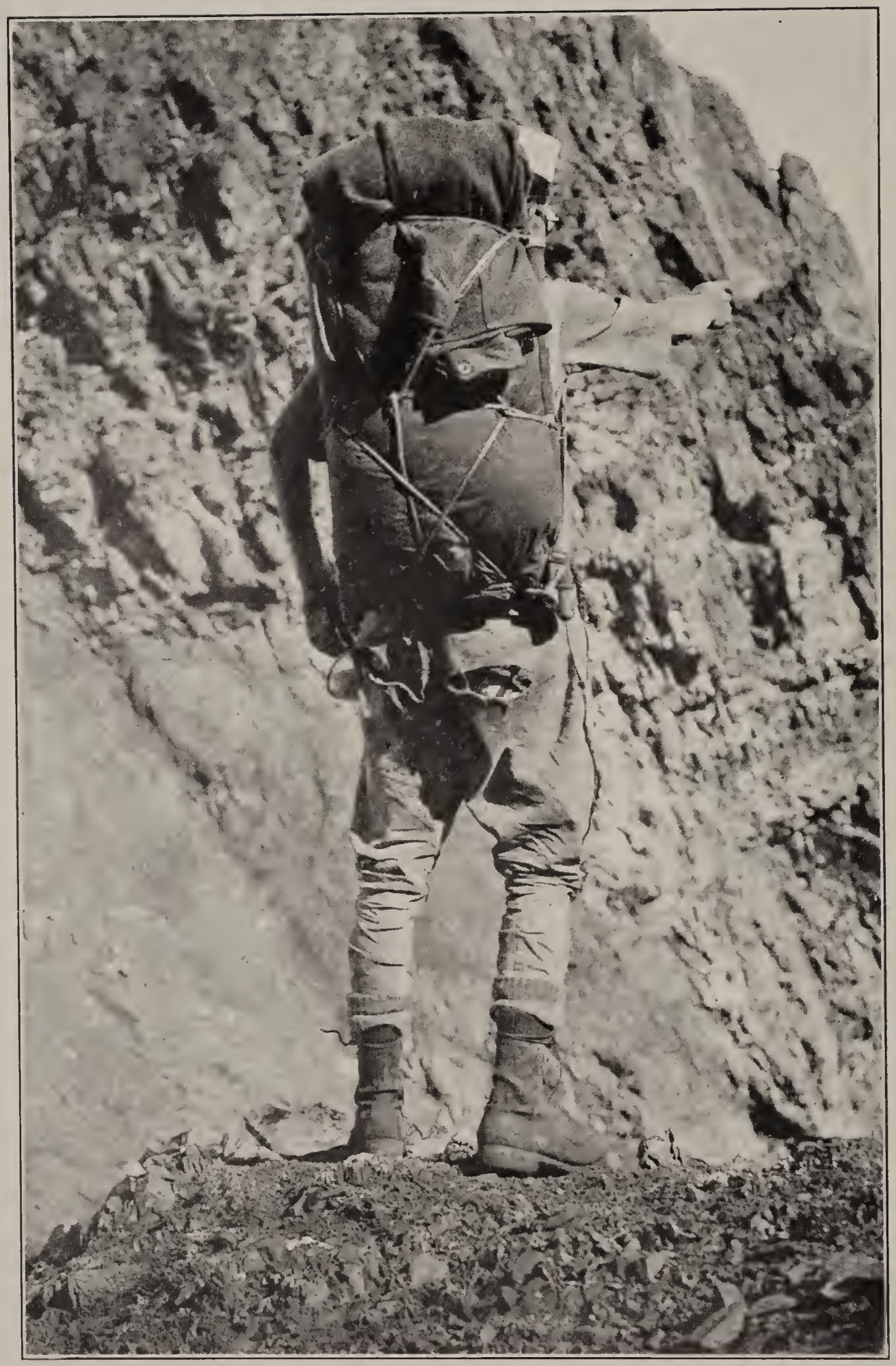

"We had hiked and slid over scenery that was mostly perpendicular—" *(Chapter XII)*

THIRTEEN YEARS OF SCOUT ADVENTURE

By

STUART P. WALSH

Author of "Hikes Beyond the Highways," "Trails of the Twenty-third Troop," Patrols and Patrol Leadership," etc.

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To the memory of my father,
whose love for the arts of
Scoutcraft first led me to
seek in the woods inspiration
and pleasure, this book is
gratefully dedicated.

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*Photograph by Harold Sparks.
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FOREWORD

To anyone who has been connected with the Boy Scouts of America since its beginning thirteen years ago many rich experiences have inevitably come—fine friendships, unique adventures, interesting lessons in human engineering. In the comradeship of scouts one prepares always for something new and expects the unexpected. This the word "Scouting" itself implies.

The aims, principles and methods of Scouting are already the subject of an extensive literature, and they have no place in a book like this, which is a narrative pure and simple of a few of the things that have happened here and there in the pursuit of scoutcraft.

Men or boys just embarking on a scout career may find herein some promise of what is in store; veterans of the movement may hark back, in reading these pages, to their own parallel experiences. Even so, the reading of the book can hardly bring as much pleasure as the writing of it has afforded. Happy memories have been called up in the searching of journals, year books, newspaper files, and letters from which the material in these stories has been gathered. And it is interesting to realize that the comparatively "tame" adventures in quite civilized surroundings are just as thrilling in recollection as the more recent events that have taken place in the farthest western wilderness.

There is added pleasure in all these memories because the passing of time has justified the effort of leadership. Many of those who as scouts played a part in the incidents herein related are now serving as scout leaders themselves.

S. P. W.

Seattle, 1923.

Chapter One

HOW IT ALL STARTED

The hay-mow headquarters in Lockport—Early styles in uniforms and badges—The first camp on Treasureless Island—First aid and fish hooks—The musk-rat spring.

CHAPTER ONE

How It All Started

"Have you heard," asked Dwight Milner one night in the fall of 1910, "about a new movement called the Boy Scouts of America?"

The young man who was thus addressed answered that he had not, but supposed the Boy Scouts would be the sons of the Rough Riders or possibly the descendents of General Custer. They were something different, it seemed, and Milner wanted his friend to help him organize in the town of Lockport, Illinois, a Boy Scout "patrol." There was enthusiastic assent to this proposal, and within a few weeks a score of boys had quietly been recruited.

The "western headquarters" at Chicago was appealed to for aid in giving the movement more impetus, and F. A. Crosby, who was then engaged in spreading the scout gospel, responded to the call. The outcome of his visit was thus reported in the local press:

"At an enthusiastic meeting in Norton's Opera House last night, attended by a large number of men and boys, the scout organization in Lockport became an assured fact. After the illustrated lecture by Mr. Crosby of Chicago, a local committee was formed and Mr. Stevenson was appointed Scout Commissioner. Two patrols have already been started and more will be organized as soon as possible."

One of our first difficulties was the securing of suitable headquarters. No church or school building in the town afforded any proper accommodations. A vacant barn on our family homestead at the edge of town was the haven toward which we finally turned. The boys repaired its upper half-story, which had previously been a hayloft, lined its walls with building paper, and brushed the cobwebs from the rafters. Partitions were constructed to provide an "office," a "meeting room," and a "gymnasium." The latter was less than eighteen feet square and only three feet high at the sides, but in it thrilling games of basketball were played on nights when the troops were not meeting. The place filled a real need, lured the boys from the street corners which had been their former haunts, and the enrollment mounted steadily.

Many problems, most of which would seem strange to Scoutmasters now, were continually arising. The scout column of the local paper mentioned one of them thus:

> "All scouts have been urged to provide themselves with copies of the official manual, which are now obtainable, so that they may learn what the various requirements are without continually questioning the Scoutmasters. The title of the manual is, 'A Handbook for Boys.' Heretofore the lads have thought it to be a guide book for Scoutmasters."

"A little later we placed an order with A. L. Gaines and Son, retail merchants, for uniforms, and after a month of impatient waiting they arrived—soft cloth hats, high collared coats, wide leather belts, knickerbockers, and ungainly canvas puttees. The boys were quite proud of them, but found it necessary to beat up several gangs of the town toughs before it was safe for a scout to appear alone in uniform on the street.

Scout badges and insignia, as well as uniforms, were queer things in those early days. Tenderfoot pins were worn on the left breast, second class badges on the left arm just above the elbow,

and first class badges on the left arm just below the shoulder. Patrol leaders wore two strips of white braid below the left shoulder. When a scout had been enrolled a year, he was entitled to wear a stripe of white braid around his wrists.

The original tenderfoot badges were identical with those of the British scouts but very soon those of the present design appeared. The second and first class badges were enormous, and a first class patrol leader appeared at a distance to be wearing something like a miner's lamp on his hat. Since that time, the second class and first class pins have twice been reduced in size.

Our first organized hikes, in the spring of 1911, provided much-needed relief from the congested "Headquarters" which was showing signs of weakening under its constant use. The condition was chronicled in the press in this paragraph:

> "The mechanical strains due to the activities of heavyweight scouts on the second floor of Lockport's headquarters have made necessary the placing of additional beams and supports to insure the building against total collapse."

A few days later the front page of the "News" carried this story of our first real adventure in the out-of-doors:

> "The Boy Scouts of Lockport had their first night in camp last night when two patrols went up the river about half way to Romeo, armed with blankets and provisions. About sixteen fellows, in charge of Mr. Stevenson and other leaders, made up the expedition. Stragglers home this morning report an exciting night. Sleep was conspicuous by its absence, and the boys stayed up nearly all night fighting mosquitoes, getting firewood, and generally tearing up the landscape. While not a success from all points of view, the camp was the first experience for nearly all the lads and a second one will probably be less thrilling."

The story did not mention that two of the "stragglers" came home in Indian costume, their limbs draped with blankets to con-

ceal the absence of breeches which had burned up during the night where their owners had hung them on frail supports over the fire to dry.

More than once that first year the pioneer scout leaders of Lockport were ready to throw up the whole enterprise—kids were so perverse, the program seemed so hard to put across, and intelligent aid from parents and others was so sadly lacking—but somehow we discounted our discouragements and went ahead.

Having survived the first winter we naturally thought of the summer in terms of that word of great magic in Scouting—C-A-M-P. The Scoutmaster thought he knew something about camping. He had camped with his father, a real woodsman and camper, and he had subsisted for as long as ten days at a stretch on his own cooking. The urge was strong to teach the kids the lore he thought he knew. Considered in the quiet of his comfortable home, camp was going to be a season of absolutely unmixed joy.

In his capacity as reporter for the Joliet Daily News he announced through its columns what great things were in store.

> "As the time when most of the scouts of Lockport will be under canvas on the banks of the Kankakee is rapidly approaching, many of the parents are asking questions concerning the safety, cost, activities and benefits of the simple life as the Scouts will live it.
>
> "The Lockport Scouts, some of whom will leave for Wilmington on Monday, have completed the plans for the management of the camp, and their leaders have worked out a scheme whereby each boy will be assessed two dollars and eighty-five cents for each week, this amount to cover absolutely all expenses, including transportation, board, boat hire, etc. It is believed that this is a remarkably cheap outing.
>
> "The camp site is a small island about a mile and a half down stream from Wilmington. The river is wide at this point and the water is not deep, the sandy bottom sloping very gradually out from shore, affording a safe place for beginning swimmers as well as providing good boating.

"The camp activities will include all the regular scout work, and special attention will be paid to swimming and boat management. The boys will be taught how to perform the various camp duties, doing their own cooking and washing and everything from A to Z in camp housekeeping generally."

Two days after our camp was established, another story in the "News" started off like this:

"The lads who left Lockport Monday morning have passed two nights under canvas and with all the details of camp organization adjusted and the routine running smoothly, are beginning to enjoy the simple life.

"The boys are aroused to the fun and work of the day by 'Reveille' by a bugler at 6:30. Then those who are appointed for mess duty get busy with the fire, and after a wash in the river, start the bacon or the 'wienies.' When these are fried, the pancakes are made and then the mess call is sounded."

The article went on to describe the rest of the daily program, which for the purposes of this present narrative is not important. On the morning after its publication, our farm neighbor came over to the island and summoned the Scoutmaster to receive a long distance telephone call. At the other end of the line an excited mother demanded that her son be sent directly home; she wouldn't have him in a place where such terrible things happened as she had just been reading about in the "Daily News."

When asked to explain herself further, she said she had read how "burglars were revealed in camp at 6:30 in the morning." She was finally pacified, but not until after a careful reading of the article did the Scoutmaster discover that what she referred to was the paragraph about "Reveille at 6:30" above quoted.

The same article mentioned that "the First Aid kit is a good deal in evidence, and one scout got a fish hook in his finger so that he had to be taken to a doctor in Wilmington to have it removed."

The victim of the fish-hook incident was Danny Puthoff, who harpooned the base of his middle finger while attempting a cast with a hook large enough to impale a shark. He came running to me with the request that I take it out. A glance showed that the hook was in clear beyond the barb, and couldn't be pulled out without making a much more extensive wound. I told him that he would have to go to a doctor, but he rebelled sharply, refusing to do any such thing and repeating his insistent demand that I do the job—"even if it does hurt a lot."

Feeling that strategy would serve better than argument, I ordered preparations made for the operation. Four of the largest boys in camp were called and instructed to hold Danny still when the time came. Meanwhile his arm was tied securely to the top of a table, and the camp butcher knife was washed in hot water and vigorously sharpened.

Danny grew pale, but still stuck it out, so I told the four assistants to lay hold of him firmly, and to hold on tight, no matter how much he might yell, as otherwise the knife might slip and do serious damage.

Murmuring something about not liking to do this without an anaesthetic, I picked up the knife, felt tentatively of its razor edge, and approached the patient.

"Wait! Wait! I'll go to the doctor!" he cried in sudden surrender, and when we had released him from the operating table he started off willingly, accompanied by one of the erstwhile torturers. The doctor gave him a local anaesthetic, filed off the hook, and pulled the end of it through, all of which interested Danny very much. To his fellow scouts back at camp he said that he would just as soon have had me do it, but he wanted to see what an "antithetic" felt like.

Another high light in the recollections of that camp concerns the famous "spring" discovered just across the river from the island

by Dick Milford. We need no longer go as far as the farm pump, Dick said, because there was plenty of cold clear water in this spring at the river's edge.

We mistrusted Dick, because on the previous day he had brought a bucket of water which he said he got from the "other well" at the farm because he didn't like the flavor of the iron water which came from the well the farmer had asked us to use. Investigation had revealed that this other well without the iron seasoning was a surface well used only for watering the stock!

Dick was horrified to learn that his spring, which we proceeded to inspect, was a muskrat hole leading down from a field drain ditch whence it received its water. Dick hoped that he wouldn't die from the effects of the "mush-rat water," and was very much worried for several days, but no untoward symptoms developed.

The camp ran through its appointed three weeks, and weathered storm as well as sunshine. Then its tents were folded and Luther's Island knew its gypsies no more.

In the last report of the camp printed in the "Daily News" occurred this paragraph:

> "The camp has been a decided success from every standpoint. Not only have the boys enjoyed themselves to the limit, but they have learned a good many things about the practical side of camp life, and all the time they have been under strict discipline calculated to be of great value to them.
>
> "A surprising fact is that notwithstanding the remarkably low price charged the scouts the leaders came out ahead by a considerable amount. They demonstrated that it is possible to feed a hungry boy in camp with a variety of wholesome food for less than $1.50 a week, which is believed to be considerably less than the expense of boarding most boys at home.
>
> "The amount which has been saved will be refunded to the parents of the boys proportionately, on the basis of the number of days spent in camp."

I wonder how those parents would feel now to recall that they once received a refund made because it was found possible "to feed a boy a variety of wholesome food for considerably less than $1.50 per week!" It is hard to realize that this happened only thirteen years ago.

The article in the "News" did not mention that there was one occasion at least, when the "strict discipline" of the camp was possibly open to question. Rev. Mr. E. T. Kreuger, the Scoutmaster of Troop One, one day visited summary court-martial upon Roscoe Wolfe, who was not then a scout, by causing him to be immersed in the Kankakee river. On the day following, Mr. Kreuger was departing for Lockport, dressed in his ministerial best and all set to function at a wedding, when Wolfe tripped him on the river bank, and cried out above the sound of the loud splash that followed, "Now we're even, ain't we?"

Chapter Two

THE FIRST INVASION OF MICHIGAN

The search for a wilderness—Scoutmaster Merritt Lamb—An eighteen-mile row—The sand cure for mosquitoes—A marine roller-coaster.

CHAPTER TWO

The First Invasion Of Michigan

An island on the Kankakee river was too tame to satisfy the adventurous souls in Troop Two of Lockport for more than one season. We listened to the call of the wild, and the next spring, in a bulletin to parents, we answered it in part like this:

"The camp for Lockport scouts this year (1912) will be located on the shore of Lake Michigan, midway between Muskegon and Grand Haven. This more distant site has been chosen because the climate of Michigan is better for camping in summer than that of Illinois, and because a camp on the shore of the big lake will be a novel and interesting experience for the boys to enjoy. The beach is gradually shelving and safe, the woods behind the camp will provide fine opportunities for all kinds of scout activity, and there is an abundance of pure water from a convenient spring.

"The cost will be only slightly more than for last year's camp—$2.50 per week for three weeks, including all transportation from Lockport to Chicago and from Chicago to Muskegon on the Goodrich steamer."

How this price was managed I can't remember, but I don't recall that there was any financial loss. Those days are gone forever!

The choosing of this new site came about on a trip of investi-

gation which the scoutmaster made early in July. On his return from this trip he reported it to Ray Jordan in a letter reading thus:

"We are going to a point on the Lake Michigan beach about eight miles south of Muskegon, and one-half mile south of Mt. Garfield, the highest point on the Lake Michigan shore. Our camp will be just behind a low hill which rises directly from the beach, so that we shall be sheltered from the high winds. A little creek is nearby, affording a harbor and good swimming when the lake may be too cold. The camp is clear except for a heavy growth of raspberry and other fruit bushes, which will be very acceptable adjuncts to our commissary department. The surrounding hills are covered with pine trees, whose boughs will make heavenly beds. An old logging road, long unused, runs along the creek right past the camp site back to the main Grand Haven-Muskegon road, about a mile and a half away. On the main road are farms which will supply our milk, eggs, and other fresh products. These farms are the nearest habitation, and the nearest store is at Muskegon. The Muskegon scouts are camping in a location not as good as ours, about three-quarters of a mile away. Up the beach about three miles is Lake Harbor entrance and Lake Harbor hotel. A little steamer which touches here affords our nearest communication with Muskegon.

"I went out and spent last week-end with the Muskegon scouts in their camp, and I certainly had a great time. I had planned to explore for a site by myself, but I heard about this camp on my arrival at Muskegon, and got acquainted with the scout commissioner there. Sunday morning three of his scouts came to the hotel and guided me out to the camp. The scoutmaster in charge of the camp is a fine young fellow named Merritt Lamb. About twenty-five were in the camp. After a big mid-day spread, he detailed several boys to help find a location for our camp and we finally discovered the place already described. While going along the beach we found a launch drifting in the high waves a little way out. The men in her were afraid her ground tackle wouldn't hold, and her engine didn't work. We launched the big life-boat which belongs to the Muskegon camp and went out to tow the launch into the mouth of the

creek. A little hard work, and quite exciting. The boys handled the boat like a man-of-war's-men.

"I spent the night in the camp, and made pancakes for the cooks next morning. They had never had pancakes in camp before. After breakfast we went down to the beach and had some life-saving drill. Mr. Lamb went out in a canoe and fell overboard, and a boat's crew went out and rescued him in very realistic fashion, restoring him quite correctly when we got him ashore. In the afternoon some of the boys rowed me down to Lake Harbor, and I returned to Chicago on the night boat."

Acquaintance with Merritt Lamb was one of the high spots of my early years of Scouting. He afterward became Commissioner at Muskegon, and finally Scout Executive. He was one of the rare gentlemen of youth and fine enthusiasm who found in Scouting a splendid satisfaction and who sensed to the full its value as affording opportunity for inspiring and helpful comradeship with boys.

Merritt Lamb was killed overseas in the war. So far had he endeared himself to the friends of his home town that the Muskegon post of the American Legion was named in his honor. His brother later became the Scout Executive there, carrying forward as a joyful duty the work that Merritt had so well begun.

The patience, cheerfulness, fairness, and personal encouragement practised so spontaneously by Merritt Lamb in his camp during my brief visits to it that summer will always be remembered. Just before his death he had completed the collection of a number of poems he had written, intending to publish them under the title, "My Scout." After his death his brother sent the entire edition to Mr. J. P. Freeman, National Field Executive at Chicago, who gave me a number of copies.

One of these poems, "The Omniscient Scoutmaster," ran in part like this:

"Can you tell me who's the fellow
That we see a hiking by,
With the bunch of boys behind him,
With the twinkle in his eye?

"He's the master of the Boy Scouts,
And a hero, too, as well,
For I know a little laddie,
And I've often heard him tell.

"He must be a mountain climber,
And a camper to be sure,
And the famous story teller
Of the corner grocery store.

"He must be the family doctor,
And the fire chief and the cop;
He must be a wireless ticker
With an insulated top!

"He must have the pep of pepper,
And the wit of Pat and Mike;
He must be a Charlie Chaplin,
Just to cheer along the hike.

"Gee, but how they shoot him questions;
Why, it is a holy fright!
And they all expect an answer,
And an answer that is right!

"He must be a David Crockett,
He must be an Edison,
He must be a Noah Webster,
And a wise old Solomon.

"He must know each tree and flower,
Each and every bird and bug;
Know the names of cars and busses
By their far-off muffled chug.

"He must have the faith of Moses,
He must have the grit of Grant,
He must have the stick of stickum
And the *can* instead of *can't!*

"He must be a patient teacher,
And believe what he would teach;
He must be a faithful preacher;
Practice, too, as well as well as preach.

"Oh, it's great to be a leader
In this Scouting for the boy,
And to feel so young and happy,
That you nearly bust for joy!"

Our Michigan camp of 1912 was a very crude affair, as camps now run, but it seemed adequate enough then. In these days of finer developments a troop going to a well-equipped council camp would probably wonder how we got along comfortably for three weeks with two tents and an open trench fire several miles from any habitation, but we did not know then that anything was lacking to make our camp complete.

In the first place, we had a perfectly fierce time getting there. We landed at Muskegon after a wakeful night on the steamer "Alabama," with Rosey, Henry Peck, Dick Milford, and other notorious members of the Lockport troops, and proceeded to rent a boat for our camp. This done, we loaded into the boat, which was a fourteen foot skiff, baggage and equipment that brought its freeboard down to less than three inches. Then Rosey and the Scoutmaster undertook to row this ark to camp, a little matter of eighteen miles, twelve of them on Lake Michigan. Interested citizens who gathered at the dock to see us start out predicted that we'd never reach the lighthouse channel, but we got that far by noon, rested on our oars to dine sumptuously on sweet chocolate.

Faintly refreshed, we pulled into the mile-long channel at the

dizzy speed of three miles per hour, and shortly lay to in mountainous seas when a tug foamed past. Our deck-load was still intact except for one suitcase, which we rescued with some difficulty from the water before bailing out our craft, which was nearly swamped in the tug's wake. Nothing got wet except most of the blankets. We sailed nervously out into the big lake, and headed south.

Fortunately a dead calm overspread the surface, and we had nothing to fear except the possibility of complete exhaustion before we should reach our goal. Eventually we landed late in the afternoon, at the mouth of Mud Creek and staggered over the low sand hill to our camp site, where the rest of the outfit had already arrived via interurban and foot. After that first day everything seemed easy. At night came mosquitoes, thick and fast. The ones that weren't thick were especially fast, and they were the peculiar "Michigan noiseless" variety. It was evident that we couldn't cope with them every night with any hope of success, and the next day we counseled anxiously about it. We were used to mosquitoes, and didn't mind a reasonable number lunching off our maps, but these beasts were fiendish. We solved the difficulty by sleeping out on the lake beach, where the mosquitoes apparently never ventured, and there we spent each succeeding night unmolested.

For the first time we became acquainted with sand mattresses. The soft clean beach sand, so pleasant to play in, appeared to be ideally adapted to the support of the reclining human form, but we discovered that it became as hard as concrete before morning. After we learned to wriggle into a comfortable "form" or "mold," however, and to scoop out a suitable hip-hole before we went to sleep, we found the sand beds very satisfactory.

Our life at "Camp Garfield" was very simple. Every day we hiked a mile to the road where a farmer left our milk, and half a mile to the spring which supplied our water. Sand percolated

into our food, saturated our blankets, and filled our eyes whenever a breeze stirred. An ideal camp-site?—Well, it was so novel and so comparatively wild that we were well pleased; yet a few miles down this same shore a few years later we were to establish a camp as different from this one as could be imagined.

We visited Mr. Lamb and the Muskegon scouts frequently, and on one occasion they feasted us with apple pie, scout-made in a mud oven. Barring the fact that they had run out of sugar before they baked the pies, and hadn't been able to get any to relieve the extreme sourness of the apples, it was fairly good. They thought it was great.

One day we hiked to Mount Garfield, from which the camp got its name—the highest sand-hill on that part of the Michigan shore, from the top of which quite a view was afforded. We slid down, wearing our breeches to tissue-paper thinness, which later caused considerable trouble. That night I found a nest of field mice in my good clothes, which were then already ruined. Rosey suggested the use of moth balls to prevent such things in the future.

On another day when the waves were high on the lake, Henry Peck, a scout of large size and ability, went out with the scoutmaster in the small boat for a little fun. Big combers were breaking on all three of the sand bars, which, in graduated shallowness, extended along the shore, but by pure good fortune the boat passed them all without being swamped and was soon out on deep water. Seven-foot or eight-foot waves were running, but the wind wasn't freshening, so there were few white-caps and therefore no great danger.

To the remaining campers who watched from the shore, however, it looked different. In each wave-trough the boat disappeared entirely from view, and to the watchers on the beach the line of foaming breakers appeared to extend clear to the horizon.

The two boatmen were having a wonderful time. First pitched

high on a wave crest and then tobogganed into a deep trough, they felt that this was far better than any sport the Kankakee river had to offer.

Presently they tried to turn back toward shore, when a series of unusually high waves caused Peck, who was steering, to change his mind and head the boat again out to sea until a more favorable opportunity. We didn't want to be caught broadside in a trough.

This maneuver was observed from the shore, where one of the boys was watching through the Scoutmaster's telescope, and it was taken as conclusive evidence that we couldn't come ashore and were being helplessly set out into the open lake. With commendable zeal and resourcefulness two of the boys immediately started at scouts' pace for the nearest farm-house telephone, about three miles, to telephone the Coast Guard station at Muskegon the news of our plight. Meanwhile, ignorant of the panic on shore, we tried again to head in, this time successfully, and soon approached the line of breakers. Going through these was the real thrill of the whole enterprise, but we watched for a good chance and took it, coasting in on a low wave that didn't break until it hit the innermost bar. So with great speed and grace we made the shore, to the surprise and distress of our party who proceeded to ask us why we didn't wait for the life-boat.

Additional messengers were dispatched after the first ones to call off the Coast Guards, and things continued their normal course. We both agreed that no roller-coaster or other thrilling ride at Riverview or any other amusement park was half as good fun.

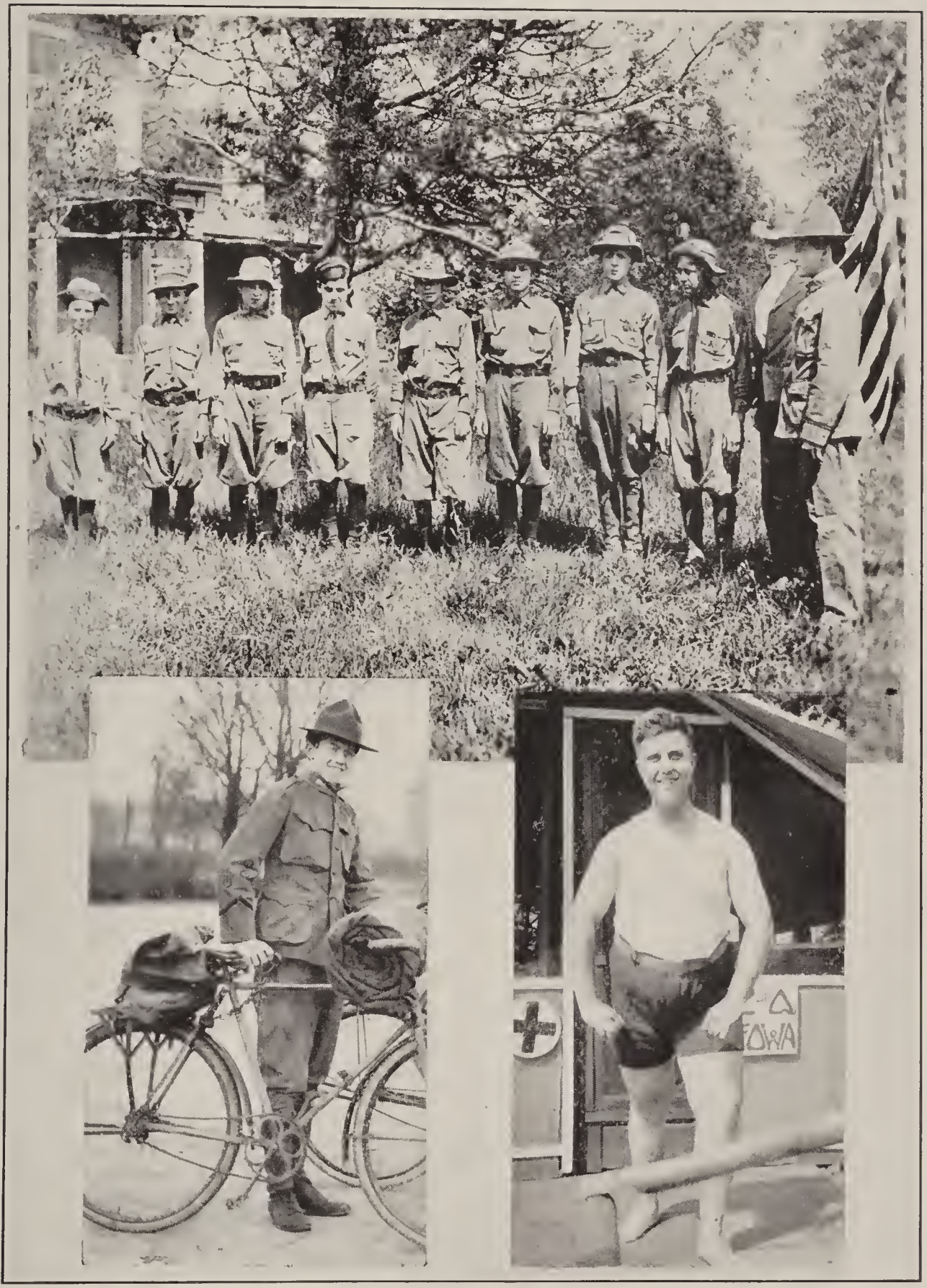
There came a day when we gathered our simple outfit together and took passage, behind an ancient steed, on a farm wagon bound for Muskegon. The trip across the lake was one of the roughest

we ever saw. Dick and I ate our lunches on deck with great relish in full view of numerous hapless passengers who cast their bread upon the waters. That was the last time we ever were on a restless boat without doing likewise.

Chapter Three

THE TWENTY-THIRD CHICAGO TROOP

A scribe who knew his stuff—A heavyweight tenderfoot—L. L. McDonald and James E. West—Roast turkey without gravy.



Above—The Scoutmaster and a Patrol of Lockport Troop 2 in 1911. Note the soft canvas hats, leather belts and knickerbockers which were then the official uniform.

Below—Famous Members of Chicago 23; "Henry Thomson, One of the Live Ones," and Adrian Kraus, "Cheery and Substantial."

CHAPTER THREE

The Twenty-Third Chicago Troop

Having accumulated a rather modest fortune as a reporter on the Joliet Daily News at a weekly salary of eight dollars, the Scoutmaster of Lockport Troop Two left his surviving charges in other hands and entered the University of Chicago. The next fall L. L. McDonald, then the Chicago Executive, conducted a Scoutmasters Training Course at the University. Mac had a persuasive line of talk and in a few weeks the 23rd Chicago troop, which had been without leadership for the past year, found itself with a new Scoutmaster.

The assets of this troop at that time consisted of a fairly good meeting place, a not too unfriendly janitor, and half a dozen live scouts. There were other scouts, but they fell under the head of liabilities rather than assets. One of the half dozen live ones was a slender little fellow with vigorous teeth and an oversupply of curly black hair, who admitted that he was the scribe and that his name was Henry E. Thomson, Jr., spelled without a "p."

He came to see the new Scoutmaster at the Reynolds Club at the University, with the scribe's record book and a large fund of personal information about the troop. Though it had been in existance only about three years, it had had more than one hundred names on its roll, but its strength had at no one time exceeded forty.

Henry knew just who could be counted on and who couldn't, and he said that if the troop could have some hikes and if the Scoutmaster would attend most of the meetings it might easily become a worth-while outfit.

The meetings were held in the basement of the Crerar Presbyterian church at 57th Street and Prairie Avenue. That South-side neighborhood was exclusively one of flats rather than homes, and the boys appreciated Scouting especially as a program of outdoor fun. Things moved along fairly well, and gradually the troop grew and prospered.

One of the recruits who joined in the first few months was Adrian Kraus, destined to become the champion heavyweight member of the organization; in fact never since have I seen so comfortably stout and yet actively ambitious a member of any scout troop anywhere. Adrian made up in determination what he lacked in speed, and his unfailing fund of original humor was the life of many a hike and troop meeting. He stayed with the troop until he became an assistant Scoutmaster. Henry Thomson stayed too; of him more later on.

Another recruit of that year who later became famous was Ray Overholtz, whose faithfulness and intelligence won for him the responsibilities of troop scribe when Thomson was found to be more valuable as a patrol leader. For four years these three scouts figured more actively in every phase of troop activity than any others, though many other fine fellows had almost equal claims to fame and fortune.

While a Scoutmaster at Lockport, I had attended, with Ray Jordan, some of the early gatherings of scout leaders in Chicago, becoming well acquainted with such pioneers as F. A. Crosby, H. H. Simmons, D. W. Pollard, O. W. Neeves, and others who blazed the trail in the first years.

In those first meetings the matters discussed were quite dif-

ferent from those with which Scoutmasters now concern themselves. Great emphasis was placed upon the size of the troop as an evidence of able leadership, and when the roll of those present was called each man was expected to give his name, location, and the number on his membership list. Anyone who reported only thirty or forty boys got a polite murmur of applause, but a man who could get up and boast of one hundred or more in his ranks was cheered enthusiastically.

The question of what kind of a uniform to urge the National office to adopt, how to raise funds to equip bands, drum corps, and of disciplining unruly spirits—these were the chief topics of interest.

Even in 1914, when Pollard and McDonald were shaping the Chicago organization into a semblance of completeness and sound development, things were still quite crude. The chief indoor sport at the Scoutmasters' meetings was complaining of the ignorance, or slowness, or perverseness of the National headquarters—not that anybody really lacked confidence in the national leaders, or meant to be disloyal—but there had not yet been established through personal contact and thorough determination of policy the close relationships which were later built up and which have held the whole Movement in such remarkable unity.

Great excitement prevailed at one of these leaders' gatherings when it was announced that James E. West would be present the next month and would meet with us. Many of the men had not yet met him; there was great curiosity as to what our national leader would be like. Plans were laid for his reception, the general sentiment being that this would be a fine chance to tell him, as man to man, what the field needed and wanted, and to hear from him what the future of the movement might appear to hold in store.

The meeting was held, as was customary, in the Lincoln Inn on LaSalle Street, a basement cafeteria. I recall that in the course

of his remarks Mr. West said that on each of his visits to Chicago he had spoken in a basement, and he hoped that Chicago Scouting would eventually grow out of the basement level. Mr. West's address was so much more courageous and inspiring than anything we were prepared for that he won the lasting respect and good will of every man who was present, and his clear-cut and vigorous replies to the many questions which were put to him in the discussion which followed gave us all a high confidence in the wisdom of our national leadership. Since that first meeting I have seen the Chief Executive on many occasions and in many places; and I have noted always the same remarkable impression made upon his hearers. For such statesmanship, especially through its first decade of danger and uncertainty, the movement has reason to be deeply grateful.

Others of the Chicago officials who made a lasting impression by their ability and helpfulness were E. A. Halsey, then Scout Commissioner, Dr. H. W. Gentles, Scout Surgeon, whose untiring interest made First Aid a well-developed craft in Chicago Scouting, and A. Stamford White, the first president of the Chicago council. In the development of the 23rd troop, as in the development of many others, these men lent a helping hand, and the association with them was one of the special privileges of the leadership of a scout troop in the city.

We celebrated the troop's anniversary that year with a "Dinner for Dads" which the scouts cooked and served themselves entirely unassisted. The mothers viewed the undertaking with alarm, and the dads came mainly out of curiosity. However, things went off very well. The turkey was tender, the mashed potatoes were creamy, and the cake was light. The only embarrassment was when the scoutmaster found it necessary to announce that the chefs had forgotten to make any gravy.

With the coming of spring the thoughts of the 23rd troopers naturally turned toward the summer camp. By means of the Cur-

tis Publishing Company's troop finance plan then in effect we got together enough funds for about twenty-five of the fellows to go; the others had to work throughout the summer or were going off with their folks. A very few weren't able to secure parental permission, though because of the good offices of the troop committee in calling upon the timid mothers and the neutral fathers, this number was very small.

Chapter Four

EXPLORATIONS ON THE EAST COAST

The second invasion of Michigan—A sand-paved boulevard—The strategy of foraging—Good turns by the Coast Guard.

CHAPTER FOUR

Explorations On The "East Coast"

The first year of the 23rd troop, the summer camp was on Lake Keesus, Waukesha County, Wisconsin, the boyhood camping ground of the Scoutmaster and his father. Here, as elsewhere, the advance of civilization destroyed the seclusion of the wildness and it was a question of a short time only when the wilderness itself in that region would be entirely obliterated. In the quest for a new campsite the director's thoughts naturally turned again to Michigan's wilder shore. Foresight and experience dictated this time the careful choosing of a site that would be as nearly ideal as possible and safe from encroachment for years to come.

So an exploring trip was planned, to cover a hundred miles of the shore line from Ludington to Holland, within which territory it was felt that the ideal spot could be found.

A Pere Marquette steamer landed us at Ludington the day after Camp Keesus closed its final season on the lake which gave it the name, and we found ourselves again in the land of sand and pine trees. There were nine in the party—the camp director and his assistant with seven boys. We hiked out from Ludington to the beach and hit the sandy boulevard southward.

For miles along the eastern Lake Michigan shore the beach stretches in an almost unbroken line, except where streams enter

or where cave-ins caused by winter storms have occurred, and on all but very rough days when the waves drive clear across this sandy expanse, the firm wet sand just at the water's edge provides an almost ideal traction surface for hikers' feet.

It is ideal in all respects but one; it slopes, usually very gently, toward the water, and this slope tends after several days to lengthen one's off-shore leg and cramp the inshore member. Whenever we suddenly turned about to retrace our steps for a short distance, the effect was quite painful and ridiculous.

Except for our pilgrimages to Starved Rock, this was our first really long hike, and on this expedition we were carrying full equipment for eating, wearing, and sleeping, whereas on the Starved Rock trips we had carried no blankets and very little grub. Being green at the business of real packing, therefore, several difficulties soon developed; the blankets which we carried in diagonal shoulder rolls impeded our progress, cooking utensils prodded our backs or banged against our hips, and our packs were heavy.

On the Young Peoples' feature page of the Chicago Tribune of October 31st, Oney Fred Sweet printed the following account of our enterprise:

> "When a Boy Scout goes on a long hike there are three things that he likes to be sure of—good walking, something to see, and convenient camping places where wood and water are abundant and mosquitoes scarce.
>
> "Boys from Camp Keesus where the Twenty-third Chicago troop spends its summer outings, have taken the trail at the close of the camp season and have discovered on the east shore of Lake Michigan a hikers' paradise.
>
> "The trip was from Ludington south to Holland, 100 miles. The boys made it in seven days, walking on the hard, smooth sand at the water's edge. They might have gone faster, but there were several things to see on the way. They climbed the clay banks, the highest hills along the shore; they explored the barrens north of

the point, where immense moving sand hills are burying forests several miles in extent. They visited Pentwater and Whitehall with their packs on their backs, and the residents debated whether they were part of a circus or a medicine show.

"Each night they camped on the lake shore, where dry driftwood for fires was always abundant, and spread their blankets under the stars on the clean, dry sand. One night when clouds appeared the pup tents were pitched, but the precaution proved unnecessary. Each morning breakfast was cooked, beds were rolled up, mess kits were cleaned, and the boys moved forward to new scenes—and another farmhouse.

"A farm meal about once a day adds substantially to the joy of hiking, and farmers' wives are still hospitable. A woman who served the hikers a dinner which they will never forget refused to take any pay for it, saying that the boys were 'welcome to what she had'.

" 'But we're not in the habit of taking meals without paying for them', the hike leader protested.

" 'Well, I'm not in the habit of running a restaurant, either, and you'd better start right on, because if you stop to talk to me you won't feel like getting up till near supper time, and I couldn't feed you again', she replied.

"With a square farm meal almost daily and plenty of their own grub for breakfast and dinner every one of the hikers gained in weight in spite of the strenuous program."

Our first day of travel brought us to King's Canyon, a beautiful deep gully leading back through high cliffs from the beach to the higher farm country. We explored this natural wonder fully, and at its head found shelter for the night in the hay-mow of a friendly farmer, who filled us and our available carrying space, which wasn't much, with apples from his orchard.

As the first day was "Apple Day," the second day was "Peach Day," for we ran into miles of peach orchards near Pentwater and consumed more of the ripe fruit than was consistent with our hiking schedule.

There was real strategy in the securing of our farm-house dinners; they didn't just happen to us. Our most successful plan of campaign was this:

About four in the afternoon we would ascend from the beach to the high and inhabited country behind; usually a road ran fairly close to the lake shore. We would follow the road until a fairly prosperous looking farm house came into view; about two blocks from it we would halt and send forward our skirmishers. Generally these were Markvart—long, lean, and hungry-looking, and Tuthill or Serviss—small, appealing, and packing a winning smile.

Their tactics were these: they approached the farm house slowly as if very weary, with their packs on their backs, and knocked timidly on the kitchen door. To the housewife who answered they spoke most politely, inquiring the distance to the next town, which was generally considerable.

Depressed at the information received, they would turn to each other and say, "Do you suppose we can make it by night? We won't have grub enough to last until tomorrow, will we?"

Then to the housewife one of them would say: "Could we buy a little milk and bread here, if you please, in case you have any to spare?"

This line was what the vaudeville folks call a "sure-fire hit"; it never failed to melt the housewife's heart. In every instance her response was an invitation to stop right there for supper, and welcome to such as her board might afford.

At this the wayfarers would look more distressed than before, and would decline, with obvious regret, her hospitality. Then they would explain, timidly, that there were seven others back down the road a little ways, and it wouldn't be right to "ditch" them.

By this time the lady's sympathy would be so far aroused that she couldn't do otherwise than extend her invitation to include the

Above—"Each night we camped on the beach—"
"Each morning we moved on to new scenes—"
Below—The Rescue of Thomson From the Ice Berg. (*See Chapter IX.*)
The scout on the right is Lopez, hero of the sand dunes.

whole outfit. The news of the successful issue would be signaled down the road, and in a few minutes the entire gang would be resting in the back yard or offering their services to assist in any possible way with meal preparations.

This was a typical bill of fare for one of these scraped-together-in-a-hurry-but-maybe-better-than-nothing suppers: Boiled ham, creamed potatoes, hot biscuits, lima beans, jam, green onions, milk, peaches, berry shortcake. Some were better even than this; few were any worse.

After each of these banquets we arose with earnest expressions of pleasure and gratefulness and asked how much it would be. We always asked this in good faith, but we learned not to fear the answer; often nothing was accepted, and the highest charge was on an occasion when a smiling woman who had apparently exhausted her entire larder in our behalf asked timidly if fifteen cents apiece would be too much. At one place the charge was fifty cents—for the entire party.

Was this un-scoutlike procedure? Was it an imposition on the countryside? We really worried a little about this, but decided that our program was entirely ethical. Did we ask for any hand-outs? We did not. Our only proposals were for the purchase of supplies; only by the most subtle implication did we sell the housewives the idea of inviting us in to eat them out of house and home. And then did we not offer, in fact beg—though not too hard—the hostess to accept a just compensation? We did.

After all we really provided a treat for the folk with whom we visited, for in those days automobiles were unknown on the farm, good highways hadn't been thought of seriously, and the rural population along that coast were glad enough to have any diversion from the monotony of their own society day after day. Our hosts and hostesses always declared, and I believe they meant it,

that they had enjoyed the event of our coming as much as we had—and that was saying a good deal.

In these days of paved highways and unending processions of tourist-laden autos, with a flivver or two in every farmer's barn, I suppose such respectable vagabonding in that territory would be impossible—hence the memory of it is doubly cherished.

Always as we looked southward we were on the lookout for a permanent camp site, and though we found many possibilities, none of them appealed to us strongly until we came to a point about nine miles south of Grand Haven, where there was a large tree-fringed meadow on a low bluff back of a wide and level beach. It was close to a road, which wasn't much traveled, it was four miles from a railroad station, and Grand Haven was the nearest steamer port. A more detailed description of it can be left to another chapter, for it became our eventual choice. In all that hundred miles we found nothing as suitable, and we have never seen anything better since.

Our pilgrimage ended at Holland, where we were eyed suspiciously by a policeman who took us for common tramps. Our scout certificates reassured him, but we decided that a visit to a barber and clothing repair man would be advisable before we mingled with the respectable passengers on the steamer "Puritan" bound for Chicago.

On the trip down the sandy boulevard we had composed a song, to the tune of a then famous popular favorite, which served briefly to summarize our principal experiences. It ran thus:

"I've got sand on my fingers,
And sand on my toes—
Sand on my eyebrows,
And sand up my nose!

I've got sand in my whiskers,
And sand in my ears—
Oh, the sand of Lake Michigan
I'll not lose for years!

"I've had sand for my breakfast,
And sand for my lunch;
Sand on my sandwich—
Sand adds the punch!
I get sand in my cocoa,
And sand in my tea;
And when I look most anywhere,
Just sand is all I see!"

Chapter Five

PIONEER DAYS AT CAMP KEESUS

A heritage from Indians and lumberjacks—Nine homesick tenderfeet—The midnight ride of Mr. Sachs—Scouts who liked hard work—Mr. Neeves, Mr. Drake, and other famous characters.

CHAPTER FIVE

Pioneer Days At Camp Keesus

That summer of 1915 was another season of pioneering in the establishment of a camp. Our chosen site on Lake Michigan was as nearly ideal as could be imagined, but it was absolutely undeveloped. Appraising its advantages as accurately as possible, we described it in our printed circular as follows:

"CAMP KEESUS is a simple summer program of vigorous Scout life in a wonderful location.

"The camp is on the Lake Michigan shore nine miles south of Grand Haven, Mich., and three miles east of the station of Agnew on the Pere Marquette railroad. The situation has in remarkable combination the advantages of great natural beauty, perfect drainage, pure water, freedom from insects, and a splendid climate.

"The tents will be pitched in a broad tree-enclosed meadow on the top of a fifty-foot bluff directly overlooking Lake Michigan. A quarter mile north is Pigeon creek, a beautiful stream once famous among the Indian tribes of Michigan and Wisconsin as 'Musketece-bewensing,' 'creek of healing waters.' A quarter mile south is Indian Hill, high and heavily forested, the resting place of many Indians, some of whose graves remain clearly distinguishable at the present time. Between Indian Hill and Camp Keesus are the remains of an Indian settlement, abandoned just before the big timber was cut. The beach sand has almost entirely drifted over the place, but interesting relics in the shape of crockery, bones of animals, and domestic utensils are still to be secured. East of

the camp lies some of Michigan's best farming country, while westward, beyond the wide beach of clean sand at the foot of the bluff, stretches the expanse of Lake Michigan, always different and always beautiful, where every evening's magnificent sunset glorifies the close of the camp day.

"Further interest is added to the camp location by the old trails and logging roads through the thick woods, the abundant growth of wild berries in the open spaces, and the long range of forested hills and sand dunes along the lake shore. In short, the situation, and surroundings of Keesus provide for the best sort of camp life and scouting activities to an extent that can nowhere be surpassed."

This was the camp that was to be developed, in the ensuing years, solely by the willing labor of scouts and scoutmasters, into one of the finest and most completely equipped scout training places to be found anywhere. But this first year, while better outfitted than that first camp on the Kankakee river, it was a rough and rugged outpost. Tall grass covered the bluff meadow where the tents were to be raised, and the ancient saloon, relic of the logging days, which was to be converted into a mess hall for the first two seasons, was not an inviting dining room as we first viewed it.

A few of the boys who came to the camp that season were from hot-house homes, totally unused to any discomfort or hardship, and untrained, except for their brief career as tenderfeet, to look after themselves or to meet the situations of outdoor life. Of the forty-three boys who made up the first period group, thirty-two enjoyed the experience immensely; nine did not.

These nine were the worst spoiled bunch of kids ever collected in one troop, and to make matters worse they were all put in the same tent at camp. The first day was rainy, and for these nine the situation was intolerable. Already in their brief association with the rest they had made themselves very unpopular, and when

"The tents were pitched in a tree-enclosed meadow overlooking Lake Michigan—"
Camp Keesus as it Appeared in 1917.

they came in a body and announced their desire to go home at once, the camp director, moved by considerations of expediency as well as the acute distress which they were suffering, listened to their pleas.

The next morning they left, while the rest of the campers held an impromptu service of mourning, blew "Taps," hung crepe on the front of the vacated tent, and indulged in other expressions of their joy at losing these ineffectives. Later, in the cleaning up of their erstwhile canvas home, partly finished letters were found which evidently were to have been mailed had not the request for departure been granted. They were all nearly alike, and one read in part thus:

> "The camp is rotten. We had to walk all the way from the railroad, nearly four miles, and there was no sidewalk. Our trunks and suitcases were hauled to camp in a dirty old farm wagon. The eats are fierce. They give you oatmeal for breakfast instead of shredded wheat. The dining room is a little one-story shack. There are no tennis nets or courts, and the grass is a foot high all around the place. Everybody has to work. I had to go for milk in the rain, and my feet are soaked! To go down to the beach you have to slide down a steep hill about 150 feet, on funny sand that squeaks when you step on it. Today they searched my trunk for candy and eats and made me give them up because they said they would attract ants! *Remember pa said I should come right home if I didn't like it.*"

Two days after our campers de luxe had departed, we had other letters to read, violent outbursts from enraged parents, one of whom delivered himself thus:

> "You cannot imagine our surprise this morning when our son Isador returned home and informed me of the lack of service he received at the camp. I will kindly ask of you to see that his trunk and other baggage are forwarded without delay. After taking away

his candy and cakes you might at least be man enough to send his baggage, and I surely expect some explanation. I also expect to be reimbursed for the money paid you, and all damages, etc."

Explanation, as kindly as possible, was given to this irate father and the rest, and in the course of time the incident passed out of acute concern.

A Scoutmaster who was very much liked by his troop, Mr. I. S. Sachs of Hyde Park Number 10, visited the camp that summer, and the second night of his stay some of his troop who were on guard duty planned to give him a little surprise party. During the camp-fire hour one of them made the end of a strong rope fast to a leg of Mr. Sachs' cot, leading the rope off along the ground toward the flag-pole, the plot being that when Mr. Sachs should be asleep the guards would rouse two or three aids and heave their Scoutmaster playfully out of his tent onto the parade ground.

By pure accident Mr. Sachs happened to drop a sock over the far side of his cot, and in reaching for it he discovered the rope. Less accidental was his prompt and resourceful action in untying the rope from the cot and making it fast to a tree which grew just behind the tent. Then he decided that this would be too good to miss and kept awake awaiting developments.

In half an hour a small group gathered silently in front of the tent near the flag-pole. Stealthily one of them laid hold of the rope and passed it to the rest. They braced themselves, and gave a long strong pull. Nothing happened.

Mr. Sachs was a heavy man, and the cot wasn't on casters, so they figured that a little more beef was needed, and pulled again, more huskily. The result again was entirely negative.

At this point, Mr. Sachs, apparently just aroused, shouted encouragement from where he lay on his cot. "Pull harder, fellows," he urged, "you'll make it yet!"

There was a ruffle of suppressed giggling, and one of the tug-of-war team went off to get reinforcements. A whole tent-full of scouts joined the issue, and lashed by the irony of their Scoutmaster who now proclaimed loudly his disappointment in their lack of brawn, they pulled mightily. Finally the rope broke, and the moment being auspicious, the camp director appeared on the scene and dispersed the party. In the morning Mr. Sachs did not consider it necessary to make public his strategy, and the tug-of-war's men believed they had strikingly demonstrated the strength of Gold Medal camp furniture.

There was another cot in camp, however, that fared less fortunately. Adrian Kraus, champion heavyweight senior patrol leader, crashed through his canvas support the very first night, and spent a half hour the next day mending it, without permanent success.

In the Camp Journal under the date of July 5th, there is the brief notation—"Kraus broke through fourth cot." On July 8th this further entry appeared: "Kraus breaks sixth cot and is forced to sleep on ground until special six-legged bed can be built for him."

Kraus' specialty was drill, and he was an uncommonly good drill instructor. Each night he had charge of the drill period just preceding Retreat, and though the rest of us got used to it, visitors were always struck with the remarkable spectacle which this item on the day's program presented.

Seated on a camp chair in the middle of the parade ground, with an orderly beside him holding up a red silk parasol if the sun was warm, Kraus directed the drill in majesty, with the aid of a huge megaphone. Discipline was perfect, results were satisfactory, but a military officer who saw the performance one evening was so scandalized at the unconventional manner of the instructor that he made a written protest to the Chicago Scout Headquarters.

Later in the summer the drill periods were often interrupted

by the sunset. One night the entire camp, including the cook, stood outside the mess hall watching the surpassingly beautiful display of colors and cloud formations while our suppers cooled forgotten a few yards away. I have never seen sunsets anywhere quite as wonderful as some of those across Lake Michigan at Camp Keesus.

One of the delightful characters of that summer at Keesus was Henry Norden, a natural humorist and an all-around good scout. Hank got the idea one day that the parade ground needed shade, and suggested that some young trees be set out in front of the semi-circle of tents so that campers of future seasons might enjoy their cooling protection. Naturally Henry was given the privilege of carrying out, with the assistance of his tent-mates, this interesting project, and they went forth to search for young trees of suitable size and transplantability.

All the trees, however, seemed to be too large or too small, or too extensive as to roots, or otherwise unsuitable. Finally Hank announced that the scheme would have to be given up.

"I'll bet you that I can go out," said Mr. Markvart, "and find in half an hour half a dozen trees that will be O. K."

Hank doubted this.

"All right, you dig six holes where they should be, and I'll get the trees," said Markvart.

The holes were dug, and Mark went out in search of the saplings, only to find that Hank was right; they were certainly hard to find. Not to be outdone, however, Mark went out again while all the fellows were in swimming, cut off fairly large boughs from six oak trees, and stuck them realistically in the holes, hastily filling in the dirt and packing it close around them.

"There you are," said he to Hank when the latter returned from the beach—"how about it?"

Hank was astonished, and said so.

"Now all you have to do is to keep those trees well watered until they get rooted in," said Markvart.

The duty of watering the bogus saplings was faithfully carried out by Hank and his patrol for three days, but the leaves began to turn brown. "More water!" said Markvart, and the bucket brigade doubled its activities in a heroic effort to save the drooping trees. That afternoon a scout carelessly ran into one of them coming out of his tent and of course knocked it over. Hank was just watering its neighbor, and saw the unmistakable truth. He took it in good part, however, as might have been expected, and rallied his patrol for a charge, with their five remaining buckets of water, upon Mr. Markvart. Thus was Norden's fame as a landscape gardener written prominently into the season's annals.

Camp-fire stories, then as always, were in great favor, and each evening some member of the staff told a tale of adventure or mystery or heroism. Ghost stories were few, for solid and worthwhile inspirational stuff was in demand, and the camp-fire stories played a very important part in the constructive value of the camp experience.

But there was one yarn that seemed justifiable as a thriller pure and simple. It was entitled, "The Phantom Shotgun." I read it in a magazine some years earlier and it always went over strong. It occurred to me this season to strengthen the telling of the tale with a little realism, and so on the first night it was to be told I armed myself with a .38 revolver, loaded with blanks, and concealed it under my sweater as I went to the camp fire to do my stuff.

The tale began and the plot moved rapidly toward the point where the mysterious lethal weapon first rent the quiet night with its deafening roar. Meanwhile I gently slipped the artillery into position, so that it pointed into the sand between my knees. At the proper instant I pressed the trigger.

The effect was much more impressive than was expected. Campers leaped up and scurried away, crying out wildly, in all directions. It appeared that the blast had not only startled them out of their shoes, but had blown sand into their eyes with such smarting force that many of them thought for a moment they were really wounded.

More exciting even than mystery stories with artillery accompaniment were the violent wind storms which usually swept across the lake late in August. Then all hands would have to turn out to hold down the camp, and sometimes, in spite of every effort, a tent would sail off into the trees and its contents would scatter over several acres.

After such gales, the best swims of the season were to be had, for the lake would be lashed into huge breakers, and surf diving was considered the greatest of all sports.

The storms added to the large supply of driftwood strewn along the wide sand beach. Always camp fires were matters of great rivalry between tent patrols and competition was keen for the building of the most successful. Wigwam constructions were the favorites, made with wind-bleached logs ten or twelve feet high, and the shooting flames in these great piles made a picture long to be remembered. The biggest fire was a huge log cabin affair ten feet square with a wigwam on top. This was stupendous but much too hot, and more friendly fires were the usual custom.

Each period of camp saw the development of some new improvement, scout-built, to add to the permanent equipment, for every scout tried to leave something tangible as his contribution toward camp progress. There was Bob Miller's sun dial, Mitchell's rustic store, Fenner's gateway, many substantial seats and benches, a long stairway down the bluff to the beach, and a bridge eighty feet long over a sand ravine twenty feet deep. But the crowning

achievement was the signal tower, 52 feet high, put together from pine trees and built so firmly that it withstood the winter gales for many seasons.

After two years, a new mess hall had to be built, as the old saloon relic of the lumber days was too crowded. Scouts transplanted, piece by piece, the old farm house which stood in the orchard on a distant corner of the property, and with the same lumber built a fine lodge that cost only the price of the nails. Much of the success of this enterprise was due to Robert J. Drake, assistant camp director, whose driving force and popularity made the really hard work fun. He had a unique "field meet" in the sport period one day; he organized competitive teams to see which side could haul the biggest pile of lumber, and the scouts never suspected they were really working.

"Cap" Neeves, scoutmaster of Chicago troop 1, took charge of the carpentry of the new mess hall, and while the windows expressed individuality in size and position according to the taste of the scouts responsible for them, the general effect was good and the achievement one to be proud of.

All these construction enterprises were part of the day's program at Camp Keesus, a program which was described by a visitor to the camp, in an article written for "American Youth," somewhat as follows:

"We came to a rustic gateway, and as we passed through it my eye caught a glimpse of a small erect figure on the top of a signal tower, outlined against the range of hills along the lake shore. It was the Scout guard watching us through field glasses. We went on up the thick wooded path up the hill. Suddenly a large open pavilion loomed before us out of the wilderness. Over the entrance hung an inscription in clear large letters: *The Scout Law is the Law of This Camp.*

"The Scout Law is the law of this camp. How much that means

to one who understands! The Scout Law is the boys' own law, the law of mutual helpfulness, loyalty, courtesy, good faith, obedience, courage, kindness, and cleanness. 'A Scout is cheerful' so says the Law. And certainly the small boy who descended from his tower to greet us, khaki-clad, tanned, bright-eyed, smiling, looked the part.

"He informed us that it was morning instruction period and the other boys were all off somewhere working on Scout tests, which accounted for the apparently almost boyless camp, and he escorted us to headquarters. As we crossed the parade ground I peeped into a tent. Everything was in apple pie order, not a shoe or necktie visible. The wooden floor was bare and spotless. The cots were empty, the bedding being all hung on a rustic rack outside to air.

" 'Been house cleaning?' I asked.

" 'No, Sir! It's that way all the time. The Camp Master says it's better not to let the camp get dirty than to have to keep cleaning it up.'

"The headquarters tent was a little larger than the rest, overlooking the lake. Inside were rustic desks and chairs and the general effect was of a well ordered business office.

"Nearby a bunch of Scouts were building a lean-to, thatched with boughs, for the Pioneer Merit Badge; incidently they were helping to clear the woods, by using only dead timber. A little farther off another group of boys were down on their hands and knees carefully laying fires for camp cooking preparation.

"From the signal tower came the bugle Recall. The boys gathered up their implements and started back for their tents. Presently swimming call sounded. The Camp Master was finishing some reports, but he pushed these aside quickly, explaining that the camp leaders took turns in taking charge of the swimming and it was his turn today. He picked up a whistle and we started down a long stairway to the beach.

" 'Some task to build all this,' I said. He smiled, and answered, 'We've never had any hired labor on the place. The boys built these stairs and the observation platform. Every building we have and every improvement is Scout made.'

"At the sound of the Camp Master's whistle the boys fell into line. At the end of the line three Scouts stood beside a boat ready for launching and equipped with life lines and buoys. 'Those are the life guards,' he informed me. 'They patrol the beach during every swimming period and get their own dip later. Every one of them has passed the Red Cross Life Saving Test.' Another blast of the whistle, a dash, a splash, and that particular section of Lake Michigan was full of bobbing heads. A little further along the shore, another group of boys was going into the water with two Scoutmasters. These were the novices getting instruction.

"Fifteen minutes later two long blasts on the whistle brought all the boys to the shore in a hurry and they ran up to get dressed and make their beds for tent inspection.

"Promptly at twelve, Assembly sounded and the camp officers went the rounds of the tents, where scouts stood rigid at attention beside their cots. If their mothers could only have seen them! Talk about neat housekeeping! We didn't see a thing that could be criticised, but the Camp Master pointed out uneven blanket rolls, frayed tent ropes, bits of string on the ground, and other offensive items.

" 'Tent F wins the flag today,' he announced. A wild yell from the inhabitants of F and groans from the rest.

" 'What's the matter with E?' inquired a tent leader.

" 'There were grains of sand on one of your cots,' was the prompt reply, and the tent leader was silenced.

"Mess call interrupted. The boys rushed to the pump and basin rack to make their hands and faces as clean as their tents had been.

"The mess hall was a large substantial building, with big screened porches and windows, another surprising example of the Scouts' handiwork. The Scouts filed in and sat down at tables arranged in family style, a camp officer serving at the head of each. We ate amidst comparative silence, for talking would have to wait until the serious business of satisfying hunger was finished. The food was simple, but wonderfully appetizing and abundant. Plates were filled as often as they came back to the head of the table, and nobody seemed to worry about the supply giving out.

" 'Must cost a good deal to keep these chaps going,' I ventured.

" 'Food cost thirty-five cents a day per scout last year; this year it's running about forty cents.' Evidently the Camp Master wasn't worrying about the high cost of living. 'Simple meals, wholesale buying, and economical cooking make it possible,' he said, 'and everybody is satisfied.'

"Let's give a 'Yea Chef,' " proposed the cheer leader when they were through. They gave it and the building shook. The chef stuck his head through the serving window and smiled.

"The sport program this afternoon will be a flag-raiding game on Indian Hill," a scoutmaster announced. "Right now, during the quiet period, you will have a chance to write your letters home."

"The boys were dismissed, one table at a time, to wash their own dishes at the row of tubs on the porch, where an inspector was stationed to see that every dish was turned in dry and clean. They made a contest out of it, each table trying to beat the time of the rest in getting its dishes all done.

" 'In spite of these uplifting surroundings I suppose they misbehave occasionally,' I said. 'What do you do then?'

" 'Did you see the sign about the Scout Law being the law of the camp?' the Camp Master asked. 'That sign means exactly what it says. In four years we've had only one case of intentional misconduct. That may surprise you, but if you stay a few days you

The New Mess Hall, Built Entirely by the Scouts Themselves in 1917.

The Camp Keesus Staff of 1915—left to right: Stuart Walsh, E. J. Markvart, I. S. Sachs, and Harry Walsh, the Author's Father.

will realize why it's true. No punishment or penalties of any kind are provided for, and we don't need them. We treat each boy as a responsible and honorable citizen of this community, and they don't disappoint us.'

"We hiked for two hours on the beach and returned to camp just in time to meet the boys coming back from their game, which had been exciting. There was another swim, a free period, and supper. After supper came the ceremony of Retreat—simple, impressive, inspiring—when all the campers were drawn up at attention as the bugle played 'The Star Spangled Banner' and the flag floated down from its staff.

"At 9:30 when the camp fire had burned low and stories were ended, short prayers were said and the boys climbed the stairs from the beach to their tents. Ten minutes later lights went out and the sweet notes of taps floated from the signal tower. The camp slept. Tomorrow there would be new activities, new lessons from nature's book, new fun, and new inspiration.

"And the Scout Law was the law of the camp."

Much of the fun of camp life anywhere comes from the interesting personalities who add their distinctive touch. There comes to mind Scoutmaster A. E. Colcord, seventy years old, who turned hand-springs and stood on his head on the bench in the middle of the parade ground every morning. And there was Alex Findley, who applied vaseline to keep his rebellious hair in place, at the suggestion of the staff, and then stayed in his tent for fear his hair would ignite from spontaneous combustion in the sun, having seen a jar of vaseline (and kerosene) burn in the camp hospital.

Then there were those numerous scouts who found dark rings on their foreheads one night (simultaneously with an empty iodine bottle) and believed they were suffering from moonburn, and applied Sloan's liniment for relief. There was Alfred Ettleson, who developed a case of heart trouble, but whose father wrecked his

scheme for escaping labor, by writing a letter to the director denying any such ailment.

Alex Eben, one-time camp stenographer, ate beans with a shovel, on a dare, until restrained by the authorities, and his epitaph became the first in the camp cemetery where thereafter many famous characters were laid in imaginary graves. It read, "Here lies Alexander Eben who died bravely from wounds sustained while eating a shovelful of beans."

Pat McCarthy and his wife, our good farmer neighbors, were a great asset to the camp, and took a personal interest in the scouts' happiness.

There were splendid fellows on the camp staff, too. George Rutter, scholar and camp historian, was famous for digging up Indian history where none had ever been. Wilson Rutherford, assistant camp director in 1917 cultivated a bean patch that netted, after a whole season of labor, only ten dollars worth of foodstuff to help win the war. Dwight Ramsay, now Scout Executive at Akron, Ohio, was largely responsible for the no-punishment system of camp discipline in 1917 which was used successfully during all subsequent seasons. Our much-beloved chef, Reginald Casseday, who served the camp five years, made berry shortcakes that were celebrated in the table talk of scouts' homes throughout the winter.

Such was Keesus, and its memory forms one of the brightest spots along the trail.

Chapter Six

THRILLS IN THE HAMMOND WOODS

When the bean can burst—The episode of the five wire fences—Hot dogs and the burglar pup—The human lean-to—A hike de luxe.

CHAPTER SIX

Thrills In The Hammond Woods

The officers of the 23rd troop believed that hikes were the most vital of scout experiences, and that with plenty of hikes included in the program the troop's spirit, technique, and traditions would grow and flourish.

Good hiking places within easy reach of Chicago were not then hard to find. There was the lake shore north of Evanston toward Winnetka, the forest preserves of Cook County to the west, southwest, and northwest, and the woods around Hammond, Indiana just beyond the end of the ten-cent fare limit from Chicago.

These woods, by some chance, were not as much frequented by week-end pleasure seekers as other places, and to them we therefore made frequent pilgrimages. There was a considerable piece of fairly open small timber, possibly half a mile square, with a damp strip in the center pretty well grown up to bushes. The timber covered two holdings of property, and a wire fence crossed it and enclosed one end. The other half was not fenced, and no "Keep Out" signs were posted. The place was only a mile from a Hammond city car line.

It was inevitable that in this oft-visited retreat there should have been enacted many incidents that became memorable. Here tenderfeet got their first introductions to outdoor scouting; here

merit badge aspirants struggled with lean-tos, camp kitchens, bridges and derricks; here inter-patrol cooking contests and flag-raiding games were staged; here all sorts of outdoor sports adapted from the scout Handbook were tried out. We visited the place at all seasons except winter time, for then the bareness of the trees exposed our favorite camping spot to the view of distant houses, and spoiled its secluded charm. In winter, usually we stuck to the Lake Michigan shore, where icebergs and snow caves provided special attractions.

It was in the Hammond woods that Myron Schutz nearly lost his life in a bean-can explosion; it was there that Harold Fisher got hopelessly lost fifty yards from the camp-fire one night; it was there that Hank Norden pursued the canine burglar who had made away with ten yards of hot dogs.

One of the most zealous tenderfeet that ever joined our ranks was Myron Schutz, anxious to participate in every troop activity; excitable of temperament but happy of spirit; enough of a "character" to attain lasting distinction.

On one of his first hikes, before he had passed his second class cooking tests, Myron brought a can of pork and beans.

Some day in the far distant future an able archaeologist, digging in the earth's accumulating crust, will uncover the crumbling remains of a pile of small cylinders of rusted tin, and examining the fragments carefully in his palm, will exclaim, "Ha; undoubtedly this was at one time the site of a camp of Boy Scouts!"

Toward the bringing of some such distant day Myron aimed to do his small part. As he read the printed directions on the label—for this was his first experience, remember—a friendly fellow scout suggested that he might just set the can in the fire until its contents were satisfactorily heated. Finding nothing in the directions which argued against such a stunt, Myron put his can

of beans in the middle of the small fire his patrol leader had taught him to build.

The Scoutmaster, with an interested eye on all proceedings, saw the project started and warned Myron to be sure not to leave the can there many minutes. Myron assured him that the period of re-baking would be very brief. The Scoutmaster went elsewhere.

In a few minutes Bob Miller, who had made the original suggestion, came around to see how things were going. To him Myron confided his growing anxiety. "How'll I know when to take it out?" he asked.

"Just watch the can and as soon as it turns green it's ready to come out," was Bob's helpful information.

Reports differ as to whether the can turned green, but however that may have been, Myron had just decided to remove his dinner from the flames and was bending over to do so when a loud explosion shattered the peace and beauty of the night.

Rescue parties which quickly reached the scene of the blast spent quite a while picking enough beans out of Myron's eyes to let him see the damage done to the surrounding scenery. Every tree trunk within ten yards was plastered with beans; Myron's clothing was literally impregnated with them; where his camp-fire had been there was only a dusty spot on the ground.

Myron's shaken nerves were finally restored to something like normal, and Bob supplied him with another can of beans, which was placed in a can of water to heat; even so, Myron wouldn't go near it. The event was recorded in a striking cartoon by Frank Fenner, the troop artist, and appeared on the front page of the troop's weekly mimeographed newspaper, "The Password."

One of the favorite evening activities in the Hammond Woods was the so-called night trailing game. As then played, the plan of the game was this: A team comprising half the fellows in camp went out to some distant point; the other team, made up of the rest,

posted guards at strategic points around the camp-fire in a circle fifty yards in radius. Without being seen and identified, the outside party tried to get within the circle of guards and reach the fireside.

"A Loud Explosion Shattered the Surrounding Silence."

It was on one of these enterprises that Harold Fisher, then a tenderfoot, made his name and fame amongst the troop's immortals. He had been one of a party to go out; the game had progressed as usual; and the whistle had been blown indicating that it was over and that everyone should reassemble. As the talk subsided while the fellows found comfortable spots on which to lie and listen to the evening story, someone asked, "Where's Fisher?"

Fisher wasn't there. Silencing the bunch, we called his name loudly in the darkness. Presently a faint reply sounded.

"Help! Help! I'm lost!" Fisher's voice came faintly out of the distance.

"Come on in!" we shouted back.

"I can't! I'm lost! Help!"

How anybody could be lost within sight of the camp-fire was a mystery, but a relief party was sent out and presently returned with Fisher safe and sound. Just how or why he was lost he didn't clearly explain, but he said he became confused because when he went out from the camp he crossed only one wire fence, and coming back he crossed five!

The next morning we finally convinced him that there was only one fence anywhere in the vicinity.

Those evenings in the woods, and those nights under the stars with timid tenderfeet—how thrilling they still seem in recollection, even since the experiencing of much larger adventures! It didn't matter that the street lights of Hammond shone only a few hundred yards away; it didn't matter that a ten-minute walk would bring us to a city car line; it didn't matter that an hour's ride would bring us into the heart of a great metropolis—when night fell in the Hammond woods it invested our little camp with a mantle of romance as enveloping as if we had been in a remote wilderness. Time will never erase the impressions of those occasions when, from a small central camp-fire that was appointed for the gathering place of the whole group in the last hour before Taps, the Scoutmaster looked about on a semi-circle of tiny supper fires bright against the black background of trees and bushes, each blaze lighting the faces of two eager scouts intent on the outcome of more or less savory culinary experiment; each fire marking the spot at which two weary scouts would crawl fearfully into their blankets when the final bugle sounded.

That scheme of separated cooking fires and sleeping places worked fine with tenderfeet. Huddled together in a large group in tents or about a central fire they would have been noisy for hours, unmindful of the spell of the surrounding night; but tucked away in pairs, the ten yards that separated them from their nearest neighbors seemed in the darkness to be ten miles, and their first night out was an experience enjoyed in silence if not always in restful unconsciousness.

Henry Norden, hero of the landscape gardening campaign at Camp Keesus, was a fancier of dogs. Not live ones, but the so-called hot variety. No one else could ever draw from a pack such large, shapely, brilliant-red wienies as Hank proudly exhibited. Where he got them was kept secret; certainly they were unique. On one fateful day Hank had fished several fathoms of these delicacies from his pack and had laid them on a paper on the ground while he went in search of firewood. A strange dog strayed into camp, looking for anything of interest, and his attention was attracted, quite naturally, by Hank's menagerie. The dog was hungry, and laid hold of a luscious link, but finding it apparently a part of an extensive system, he paused to investigate. Meanwhile Hank returned, spied the burglar, dropped his wood, and ran towards his treasure, announcing violently to the intruding dog that in just another moment he was going to kick it lustily in the slats.

No dog likes to be kicked in the slats; so, as any other dog would have done, he sank his teeth firmly in a convenient sausage and started off at top speed. Instantly the entire string of jointed nourishment leaped in forced pursuit. It was a pretty race. Madly the dog tore through the woods, his red train raising a little cloud of dust; hot in pursuit dashed Hank. All of us sided with the dog, but his load was too much for him, for he was a small dog, and he finally bit his mouth-piece in two and left the rest to Hank, so

badly damaged in transit, however, that several changes of water were necessary to restore them to their original brilliance.

We had no tents on those Hammond woods hikes, except one pup tent owned by Adrian Kraus, which was considered quite a luxury; yet in all our outings we had only two or three wet nights. This was remarkable luck; I do not see how we fared so well.

One of the wet nights happened before Adrian got his tent; in fact, it was the reason why he got his tent.

One of the fellows had been building a lean-to, which looked a bit sketchy and ineffective. In this region there was really nothing with which to thatch a lean-to substantially, such as large slabs of bark or evergreen branches, so the lean-tos were useless in a rain unless draped with a poncho or sheet of canvas.

The particular lean-to in question had a flat roof, supported by four corner poles, and onto this flat framework the proprietor was tying a poncho.

"That's a nice sunshade," the Scoutmaster suggested, "but what good will it do when it rains?"

"Oh, this rubber poncho hasn't any hole in it—(most ponchos, of course, have a head-hole in the center)—and I figure that unless it rains hard it will be all right."

"Well, but what are you going to use for a side wall?"

"Oh, Kraus is going to sleep here beside me tonight, and I figure on using him for a side wall!"

Night came, clouds gathered, and eventually rain fell generously.

From the shelter of my own small tent, into which about half a dozen refugees had crowded at the start of the downpour, I called out an inquiry to the inmates of the lean-to.

"Are you still dry?"

"Yes, we're fine, and Kraus is still asleep," came the encouraging answer from the lean-to architect.

He spoke just in time. A second later there was a brief tearing sound, a prolonged dripping splash, and a wail of distress from Kraus, suddenly very much awake.

The string securing one corner of the poncho had parted under the weight of several gallons of water which had collected on it, and the entire reservoir had flooded Kraus' upturned face.

Therefore, as already stated, the pup tent.

Once or twice each year we felt the call of places more distant than the Hammond woods and the other semi-civilized environs of Chicago. One objective of hikes farther afield was Starved Rock State Park in the Illinois Valley. The cliffs and canyons of this beauty spot, rich in Indian history, had a special appeal for scouts.

It was considered impractical for the boys who went on these trips to cover a great deal of territory carrying both bedding and grub, so we arranged for hotel accommodations, one night at Joliet and one night at Ottawa enroute, at a cost of seventy-five cents each night per boy. The usual plan was to hike from Blue Island to Joliet the first day, take an early special car to Starved Rock, hike north through the park the second day to Ottawa, and on the third day take a car to Joliet and hike north along the industrial Des Plaines valley, visiting the State penitentiary, the steel mills, coke ovens, hydraulic power plant and the drainage canal controlling works at Lockport, where we would take the car for Chicago.

The Starved Rock trip came to be a favorite annual feature, in which many other Chicago troops eventually joined.

Chapter Seven

THE CRUISES OF THE ILL-FATED SS. MAY

A motor boat that was worth sixty dollars—The voyage on the Chicago drainage canal—Deep-sea ambitions—The phantom ships—The story of Camp Calamity—A day of heavy losses.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The Cruises Of The Ill-Fated SS. "May"

One of the troop enterprises of 1915 most productive of remarkable events was the purchase of a motor boat. Through the sale of the Saturday Evening Post on the "Troop Finance Plan" and other activities, we accumulated sixty-five dollars, and set out to get hold of the most boats that this amount of money would buy.

It wouldn't buy much, but it did separate a man on the north branch of the Chicago river near Riverview Park from an eighteen-foot one-lunged relic that looked as if it had possibilities.

It had.

It answered to the name of "May," and of course we gave a good deal of thought to the selection of a more scout-like and suitable title. But as time went on we decided that the name was big enough for the boat, and merely changed the tense and called it "Might!"

"Bus" Evans, mechanically inclined, became the chief engineer, with lots of help from almost everybody in the troop, and we soon became a frequent menace to navigation on the Chicago river. Up and down this crowded stream we chugged and coasted, until "Bus" had tamed the engine so that it would do his bidding at least fifty per cent of the time. Then we planned a regular voyage.

Naturally enough we thought of Lockport, thirty-five miles

down the drainage canal, as a suitable objective, because Henry Peck and other ex-scouts of the Lockport troop still lived there and we could give them a call.

So on June 22d ten picked mariners shoved out from the Wells Street bridge and set the course for the south branch of the river, which is Chicago's great fresh-air sewer. Thirty-five miles of travel on this fragrant stream would have turned the stomachs of any but river tug boatmen and hardy Boy Scouts; in the joy of traveling we never gave the atmosphere a thought.

The ten of us were pretty crowded in the boat, so our activities were necessarily confined to turning our heads to take in the passing scenery, which passed at the dizzy rate of twelve miles an hour. Nine of these hourly miles passed because of the efforts of our motor; the remaining three passed because of the current in the canal. It occurred to us that the return voyage wouldn't be so breathtaking.

We managed to find elbow room for eating our suppers as the engine coughed with surprising regularity, and before dark we saw the Ninth Street bridge at Lockport looming close ahead of us. It was under this bridge that we were due to make a landing, but when the word was given to "Bus" to shut off the motor it declined to be shut off. Someone's foot had jammed the switch so that it wouldn't open, and we sailed enthusiastically under the bridge toward the power dam two miles below. The canal wasn't quite wide enough to turn in without backing, and we passed a few anxious moments until "Bus" cut one of the wires.

Heading about we made a safe landing, and spent the night in Henry Peck's front yard, where startled neighbors discovered us in the morning. Mrs. Peck hospitably helped out with our breakfast, and after seeing the sights of the town we re-embarked for the slow voyage back to Chicago.

It took "Bus" and his staff only thirty minutes to get the engine started, while the rest of us stood about and explained to Peck how beautifully it usually behaved, and all went well until we met a tug foaming down the canal and making huge waves in its wake, over which we hurdled in considerable anxiety for the next three miles. The engine was loyal until we reached the bridge at Argo, some distance outside Chicago, and there it faltered.

Altogether we passed under that bridge seven times, going north under power and coasting back with the current. We felt cheered to be holding our own so well, and finally the engine got back on the job steadily and we struggled on. Long after nightfall we reached our dock, feeling that our seafaring venture had been pretty much of a success.

If we could only have a faster boat, we believed we should be really well fixed.

In a few weeks we found another "May," about the same size but with a better power plant, and on June twentieth we traded May First for May Second, giving ten dollars to boot. In our new craft we made several short trips on the river and in the harbor, until Camp Keesus called us across the lake.

We planned to have our cruiser with us.

It was arranged that Bob Miller should have charge of the navy until some responsible person could be found to make the voyage to camp with him. To take such a small craft as the "May" directly across the lake—eighty miles to Grand Haven—would have been too hazardous, so the plan was to sail around the south end of the lake, following the shore and putting in each night at a convenient harbor. Thus it was expected that the first day or "leg" of the voyage would be from Chicago to Michigan City, Ind., the second from there to South Haven, Mich., and the third to Camp Keesus.

Camp had been running a week when word came from Bob that the navy was getting no recruits.

> "I can't find anyone who will go to Michigan with me," he wrote, "so I guess you had better send Mr. Markvart or somebody else back from camp to go.
>
> "I was scared to death yesterday when I went down to light the lights on the boat. It was not at its usual moorings by the Clark street bridge. After considerable looking I found it tucked away back of the bridge on the opposite side of the river. Next time it might get further away.
>
> "Charlie Cole wants to come over with me, but I told him you wanted some 'responsible' person. He said he was responsible, because he knew all about motorcycles!"

Shortly after this letter and a little more correspondence, my father volunteered for the cruise, and it was arranged that he, with Ray Overholtz and Bob, should start as soon as their camping outfit, spare engine parts, etc., could be gotten together.

According to this plan, word came one day at camp that the fleet would sail, weather favoring, on the morrow, so in three days we began to scan anxiously the lake in front of our camp for signs of its arrival. Few motor boats passed the camp, and those few, on the first day of our watching, were all unlike the "May"; but that night, shortly after Taps, as the members of the staff were preparing to turn in, a motor-boat engine chugged faintly to the southward. It sounded exactly like the "May," so we routed out an extra crew of scouts, launched both the camp rowboats, and rowed out more than a mile, fearing that in the darkness our ship would pass by the camp unless we could intercept it.

Soon the port and starboard lights of the motor boat came into view ,and we hailed it. Paying us no attention whatever, the craft came by, showing up in the darkness as big as an ocean liner and proving to be a large fishing boat bearing no resemblance to

the "May." We rowed ashore. All next day we kept a lookout, without success. That night we chased two more suspects and lost considerable more sleep. The next day our armada was still distressingly absent, and still another troubled night followed. Then the mail carrier brought us a pencil addressed letter with an Indiana postmark. It proved to be from my father, who wrote as follows:

"No Man's Land, Indiana, 35 miles from Chicago, Tuesday.

"My Dear Son:

"We landed here last Thursday on account of too much sea for the boat. Are now waiting for the breakers to subside. No telling when we can get out as the weather here is favorable for navigation only about one day in four.

"Meanwhile we are safe and well, within walking distance of supplies, and have taken possession of a deserted fisherman's shanty that has a range in it but no floor.

"This whole coast is nothing but a desert waste of sand—sand hills and sand valleys, but we are comfortably situated, for castaways.

"Every day so far the waves have washed the after end of the boat full of sand, and every day the boys have taken the engine out, cleaned the sand out of it, and replaced it in case the next morning should bring favorable weather. One day we made a start, but got only a few miles when the waves came through the exhaust pipe and killed the engine, so were forced to turn back. We are having a great experience."

At a conference of the Admiralty it was decided that I had better go to "No Man's Land" and survey our beached navy to see what the prospects might be of continuing its cruise to the base of summer operations.

So that night I was a passenger on the "Alabama," and the next morning took a train for Porter, Ind., the station nearest the lake shore in the vicinity of the supposed location of our expedition.

Hiking out to the beach from the station, I turned eastward and walked toward Michigan City, which I believed was the proper direction. I had traveled about three miles and was beginning to doubt the correctness of my course when I saw a floor grating on the beach of the peculiar green color that characterized these fittings on the "May."

A little further on I came across a piece of a rudder, with the tiller attached which was certainly the same tiller which I had notched and repainted with my own hand. Near it lay one of our life preservers. The "May" itself was nowhere in sight.

"Something must have happened to the May," I thought to myself. This was a brilliant deduction, to say the least, but I couldn't figure out the puzzle for another mile, when I saw in the distance a faint smudge coming out of the stove-pipe chimney of a dug-out shanty. Beside the shanty, at least thirty yards from the water's edge, was the skeleton of a motor-boat, and on the roof of the shanty there was unmistakably the form of Bob Miller.

"Welcome," said Bob, to "Camp Calamity!"

Briefly the story of the castaways was this:

The day after writing the letter telling of their whereabouts, a terrific storm had come up, and one mighty wave had tossed the "May," which was lying half full of sand and water on the beach, clear up to its present position. They had taken the engine out previously, to take it apart and cleanse it of the all-pervading sand, and it now reposed on the roof of this shanty, where Bob was wiping its various parts. The wreck certainly looked like a case for complete abandonment to the underwriters or Lloyd's, but a beachcomber who said he had once been a ship's carpenter and who had a shanty nearby, insisted that he could put the "May" all together again if we would give him time to assemble its scattered parts. We decided to let him try it. The engine was removed to a more

secure storage place a mile distant, and "Camp Calamity" was evacuated.

A week later, at Camp Keesus, we received this letter:

Porter, Ind., July 13, 1915

"Dear Sir:

"I have inspected your boat and found it in bad shape. All the planking that is not gone is loose, and all the nails will have to be drawn out and replaced with new.

"The cheapest I can fix it will be twenty dollars to fix it up as it should be done. If you want it done let me know, as it will have to be done outside in dry weather and to haul it in some dry place to have it done would cost you more.

"Respectfully yours, WILLIAM COOK."

To which this reply was made:

"Dear Mr. Cook:

"After careful consideration we have decided that we want the boat fixed up as outlined in your letter, and you may go ahead with it at your convenience. We will plan to come out and get it about September first.

"We trust that we will have a seaworthy boat when you finish the job."

The summer passed without further thought of our merchant marine, but when school re-opened one of the first matters of concern at a September troop meeting was the organizing of a proper expedition to bring the "May" back to her home port.

Bob Miller, Henry Thomson, Bill Vesey, Roy Hansen, and the Scoutmaster made up the party which took the Illinois Central train the next morning—Saturday, September 18—with a program that called for the installing of the engine and the launching of the "May" in the afternoon, making Gary harbor that night, and continuing on to Chicago the next morning.

It worked on schedule up to the installing of the engine, which proved to be a more complicated job than we expected. Bob was acting this time as chief engineer, and it wasn't until after dark Saturday night that he had it all together. Meanwhile the rest of us made camp and inspected carefully the beachcomber's job. It seemed to be a success. As far as we could see, the "May" had been restored completely to her original seaworthiness and beauty.

The next morning we laid rollers from the boat to the water's edge, but delayed the launching on account of high waves which we hoped would subside as the day wore on.

At noon we judged that the lake was calm enough for a safe launching, so we took off our clothes, laid hold of the May, and urged her strenuously toward her native element. It was slow, hard work. A long pole used as a pry aided us, and finally her forefoot was wet with the lapping waves. At last we got her afloat, and waded out with her far enough so she wouldn't pound her bottom on the sand, while Bill Vesey went back and ferried out our clothes and other duffle on his head. We had lacked the intelligence to put them in the boat in the first place.

When everything was aboard, Bob jumped in, heaved at the fly wheel, and to our surprise and joy the engine started off with pep and promptness that presaged a fast passage. We headed straight for Chicago, for we had barely time to make it before night, and there were no white-caps. We dressed and sat down to enjoy the voyage.

We should have known that such luck was too good to be genuine. A smell of hot paint wafted to our nostrils, and Bob glanced anxiously at the engine. Feeling of the cylinder jacket, he blistered his fingers. A moment later he shut it off. Obviously the water pump was not performing its cooling functions properly. Bob took the pump apart and examined it; nothing seemed to be

wrong. He primed it, oiled it, and tried it again. Intense heat immediately resulted, and Bob opened the switch again.

This time when we stopped Henry Thomson and I looked at each other with anxiety in our faces that wasn't all caused by the striking pump. The "May" was rolling gently in the swells, and the distant sand dunes seemed to rise and fall over our gunwale.

In a letter to a friend, written shortly after the incident, I described the events that followed thus:

> "I have sat more than once on the shore of Lake Michigan, watching the waves roll in and remarking on the inspiration and beauty of it all. And I believe I have several times recited something like this:
>
> " 'The sea, the sea, the open sea,
> The blue, the fresh, the ever free,
> I never was on the dull, tame shore
> But I loved the great sea more and more!"
>
> "Such are my sentiments no longer. On the Sunday afternoon aforementioned the 'open sea' lost, for me, many of its charms."

Waiting patiently for a diagnosis of the pump's ailment, we suddenly became aware that all was not well. In fact, only a few minutes passed before none of us was well. We looked longingly at the shore. We wished that the boat would hold still for just a few moments so that we could get our digestive organs adjusted. We had never been seasick; both of us had been on Lake Michigan at its wildest without the slightest discomfort, but there was certainly something going wrong with our departments of the interior now.

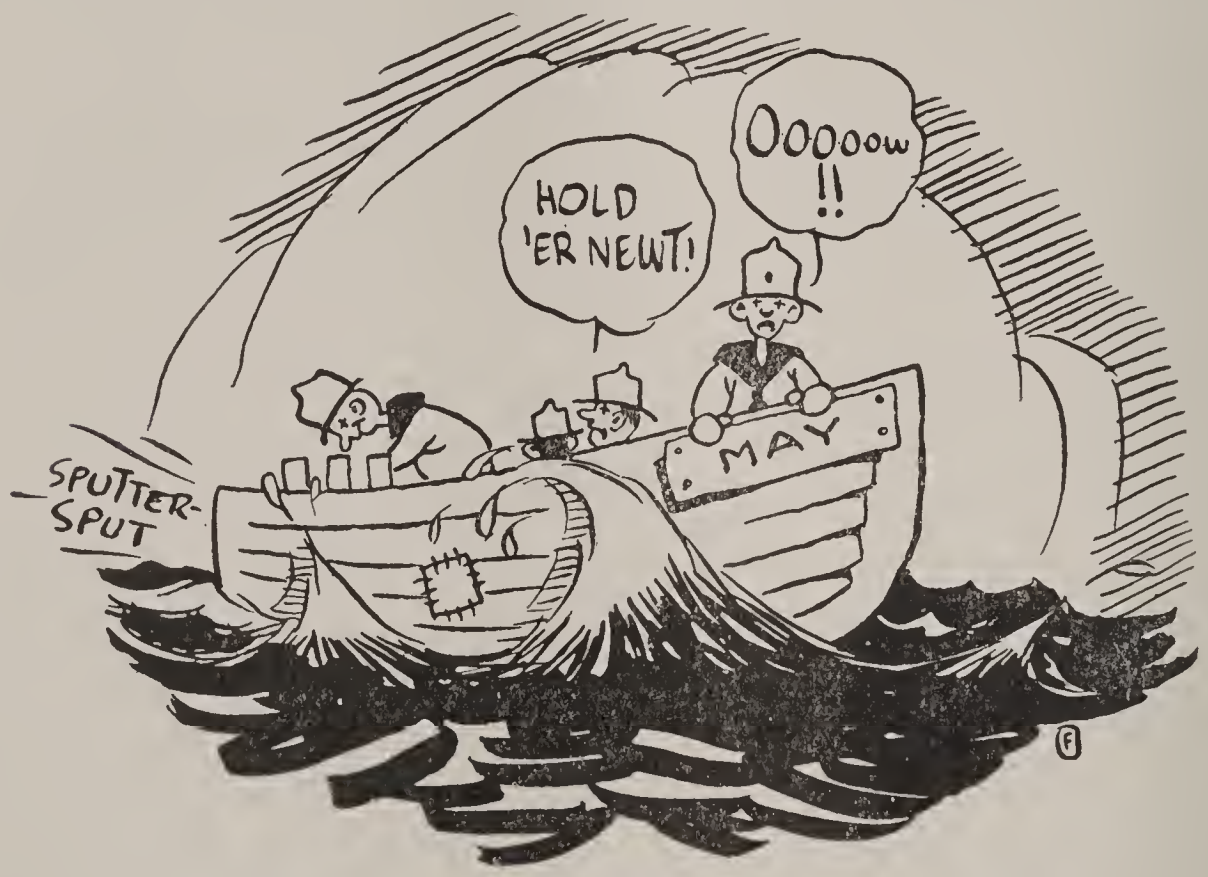
Henry said, "Somehing we cooked for dinner didn't agree with me."

"Yes," I said, "I wonder what it was."

"What's the matter with you—I feel fine," said Bob.

We told him that he was busy with the engine and therefore didn't notice the motion. We urged him to effect a speedy cure of the ailing pump.

"I can't find anything wrong with the blame thing, except that it won't pump any water," said Bob. "We'll just have to run a few minutes at a time and then let 'er cool off; we'd better head for



"We Rolled on the Restless Swells."

Gary, because it's too rough to land on the beach where the swells are breaking now. Besides, we've had enough of beach landings."

"Yes, I know," I told him. "But I wish the old raft would hold still a few minutes. I don't like the way those sand hills bob up and down over there."

Suddenly Henry, who had been keeping very quiet, said to Bill Vesey, "Move over to your side of the boat, quick!"

"Why?" Bill wanted to know.

"To balance!"—and without further explanation Henry leaned far out over the gunwale.

Within the next ten minutes all of us except Bob followed suit. Bob laughed at us with a coarse, heartless, impolite laugh. I had never noticed before what an unpleasant laugh Bob had.

"Balance the boat!" became, so to speak, the slogan of the enterprise. Between fitful spurts of speed lasting five or ten minutes, we rolled on the restless swells and looked wistfully at the shore. We lost our dinners, our breakfasts—indeed it seemed that during the ensuing hours our entire bill of fare for the last week passed through our alimentary canals in reverse order.

Darkness fell at length, and the lighthouse on the Gary breakwater began winking at us deliriously. The moon didn't come up, though everything else did. At midnight, in a final spasm of activity, our motor kicked us into Gary channel, and we tied up to the breakwater and staggered ashore. We were faint and weak from lack of food and from loss of it, but we didn't mind that. Everything else was subordinate to the joy of feeling solid ground underfoot. How firm and unyielding it seemed! We rolled in our blankets and slept until long after daylight.

This was Monday morning, and absence from school was a serious matter to all but one of our party, so we hastily made the "May" as secure as possible and got a train for Chicago, planning to return at the end of the week for another session with the erring pump.

The next Saturday Bob and I alone came out to Gary to enact another episode with the ill-fated "May," and this time, in addition to the difficulty with the pump, our ship developed a notion of running backward instead of forward, which was quite annoying. We

nearly rammed a huge ore freighter that was coming into the harbor; probably her captain doesn't know to this day how narrowly we missed her.

But fortune favored us, for after a hurried supper on board Bob had the happy inspiration of investigating the strainer on the outside of the hull which was attached to the water pump intake. Our beachcombing shipbuilder had nailed a piece of new planking squarely over it!

It was too late to do anything that night, but we figured that in the morning we might disconnect the intake pipe and attach a hose to it leading overside. Someone had stolen all but two of the blankets which we had left in the boat's lockers. In these we rolled up as best we could, removing our shirts and shoes and laying them on the beach beside us.

We had been asleep some time when we were awakened by a sand storm which blew sand over all our clothes, into our eyes, ears, noses, and other convenient apertures.

Toward morning the wind shifted to the north, bringing a violent drop in temperature. Then a rain set in—a hard, driving rain which blew in under our blankets, soaked through them, ran under the edges, and made us thoroughly miserable. As cheerfully as possible we endured the rest of the night. There was no shelter available; the city of Gary and the steel mills were across the channel.

In the first faint light we reached for our shirts and shoes intending to vacate our camp-site as early as possible. The shirts were so sodden with wet sand that we couldn't put them on, but our shoes were much worse; well-packed sand almost filled them. Several hundred yards down the beach we saw an apparently vacant cottage, and for this shelter we decided to run, with the idea of

finding there a defense against the wind at least, so that we could dig out our shoes and shake out our shirts and prepare for re-entering civilization. There was no thought whatever of a sea voyage to Chicago. Our breakfast was ruined by sand and water, and so we had little to carry as we made a dash for the empty cottage. When we reached it we found that it was empty all right enough; likewise minus all doors and windows. The wind tore through it bitterly, and the only shelter was afforded by a portion of the front wall behind which we huddled while we went at our shoes with sticks and slowly excavated them. More than an hour of steady effort was required to enable us to put them on, and then, wet, cold, hungry, baffled completely in our enterprise, we lit out for the car line and home.

But we knew what was the matter with the "May's" pump, and that thought cheered us until we sat down, bathed and dressed, to a wonderful chicken dinner in the comfort and luxury of home.

Another week-end trip might have enabled us to bring the "May" triumphantly to her dock at the Wells street bridge, but when we went to Gary again we found that a passing steamer had swamped her and caused her to sink at her moorings. A friendly mill worker had rescued her and pumped her out, but had failed to tie her securely, and she had come adrift and floated out toward the lake. The lighthouse keeper had seen her, bottom up, and had towed her into the channel, where she had been lifted out on a raft. But her adventures had wrecked her beyond usefulness, and we decided to salvage the engine and close the log of the "May" forever. As these lines are written, the "May's" engine still rests peacefully in the basement of Henry Thomson's Chicago home.

Several years later, when the war came, Henry joined the Navy—not because it was his original choice, but because he was too light to get into anything on shore—and in the course of time

he developed a sturdy pair of sea legs and a storm-proof sea digestion. After the war he went on in the merchant marine to earn his way through college, doing Scouting in five or six languages meanwhile. Now he's an officer on the Admiral liner Ruth Alexander, running out of Seattle. If any of us had predicted such a career for him that day on the "May" he would certainly have thought us to be insane as well as seasick.

Chapter Eight

THE POLAR EXPEDITION OF 1917

High waves and low spirits—Fast in the ice pack—The panic of Muskegon lake—Fooling the famished sea-gulls—A two-mile hike that lasted five days.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The Polar Expedition Of 1917

Fresh avenues of adventure beckoned at Christmas-time, 1914, and we had the inspiration to go over for a mid-winter glimpse of the new site of Camp Keesus. Thus we launched a most unusual expedition.

To speak of it as a hike, which it was intended mainly to be, is somewhat misleading, for though it lasted the greater part of a week the total distance walked was less than two miles. Furthermore, although we each paid only one fare for an over-night trip to Grand Haven, we were at sea four days and four nights.

The Goodrich Transit Company operated an all-winter service out of Chicago for Grand Haven and Muskegon on the east shore, maintained by the large steamer Alabama, which was built especially for battling with winter ice and storms.

On a cold and windy night in the holiday vacation week the Scoutmaster and seven scouts skidded across the slippery gangplank with heavy packs and learned that because of unusually heavy ice off the Chicago harbor the Alabama might not sail until morning. We didn't see how she could sail at all, for the ice was already solid all around her as she lay at the dock.

As we went to our staterooms there were varied conjectures as to what might befall us; we all felt that this was going to be a

trip out of the ordinary. The boys in the party were Henry Thomson, Bill Edens, Al Stern, Jack Pickells, Bob Miller, Edgar Lunde, and Bob Paulson, all veterans of less ambitious enterprises. We fell asleep to the soothing melody of freight trucks and steam winches on the deck below us as the heavy winter cargo was stowed away in the fore holds.

Jack, who had just come from Pittsburg, where the largest body of water at hand is the Ohio river, was especially thrilled at the size of the steamer and the prospect of a trip on so vast a brineless deep as Lake Michigan. "I hope there will be great big waves in the morning," he said, and his eager wish was shared by all except Thomson and I, who recalled that fateful day on the "May," and said nothing.

At daylight the Alabama kicked herself out of the Chicago river and headed into the lake, grinding her way through the heavy ice that extended ten miles from the Chicago shore. We were awakened by the effect of the first high wave she hit outside the breakwater. We got up and commenced to dress. Jack was overjoyed; the Alabama was rolling and pitching quite satisfactorily.

While we had a supply of grub with us, we had planned to eat breakfast, which would ordinarily have been just before we landed at Grand Haven, in the steamer's dining room; now, with the prospect of a whole day on the lake, we decided to follow the original plan and save our grub until we should get ashore.

So we gathered around a dizzily rocking table in the dining saloon and ordered ham and eggs and rolls from a very polite colored man who spread his feet well apart to steady himself as he took our orders. While we waited, the thought came to me that I wasn't very hungry, though I should have been. Henry, across the table, seemed to be disturbed in mind about something more than the effort to keep from falling out of his chair when the ship

rolled. Suddenly he got up, smiled queerly, and said he'd be right back.

The ham and eggs came; two of the party ate. The rest sat in puzzled inactivity or went out "to see where Henry had gone." I lingered only to drink half a cup of coffee—during the hours that followed I lost fully six cups. Bob Miller and Lunde, apparently immune stayed and ate their breakfast; they went further and ate the unused breakfasts of nearly all the rest of us. We took a violent dislike to them; we hadn't realized before what ill-mannered and piggish fellows they really were.

In the course of the morning, which passed quite unpleasantly, we ran across Jack, sitting in a heap on one of the stairways, as if he'd just been thrown off a wagon, and we inquired if the waves were high enough to suit him. Turning a pale face toward us he asked in a weak voice, "Can you see land yet?"

The "Alabama" was a wild steed. She bucked and pitched her way across the lake like a double-jointed folding canoe, while heaving waves dashed spray in the faces of six heaving explorers who wondered where they had ever gotten the insane notion of starting on such a fool's expedition. Nobody noticed the noon mess-hour except Bob and Lunde, who had worked up tremendous appetites laughing at the rest of us.

About two o'clock one of our three fellow-passengers who had chanced the perils of a winter passage, moved by the effect of three bottles of a private stock of refreshment, tried to cheer us up with song. He admitted right at the start that he had lost his singing voice in an attack of measles three years previous. We all felt regretful that the measles hadn't proved fatal.

Three o'clock brought the welcome sight of an ice field, and fifteen minutes later we had slowed down to bare steerageway. Half an hour later we stuck fast, and the captain appeared on the bridge to superintend future progress.

After bucking the ice windrows for about an hour and making little progress, we rested quietly. Ice windrows, by the way, are like snowdrifts—long piles of ice cakes that have been jammed together and tossed up into a mass which is something like twelve feet thick in places. The task of breaking up these masses and getting through them is a matter of strength and momentum. Beneath the surface a great deal more ice floats, driven under the top ice in this case by northwest winds, and as soon as we opened a little wedge in the windrow these submerged cakes would rise and fill it.

With a quiet deck beneath us our spirits rose rapidly, and we began to take an interest in life again.

We asked the captain how far we were from the Michigan shore. He said he didn't know. We could see nothing but ice on all sides, and it was snowing heavily. We asked him when he expected to reach Grand Haven. He explained very definitely that he had no expectations whatever about anything.

That bothered us. We were savagely hungry, and felt extremely empty, as in fact through abstinence and heavy losses we really were. Our grub would last only two days; our money was very limited. Visions of possible starvation in this polar waste of ice floes rose before us.

Darkness came on, and a bitter cold wind blew straight down from the straits of Mackinac, penetrating the thin walled deckhouses of the "Alabama" and chilling every cabin and passageway. The steam radiators hissed spitefully but were quite overwhelmed. We gathered in one of our staterooms and decided to consume one loaf of bread and half our cheese for supper. It was like pouring a pint of milk into a ten-gallon can. The bread and cheese merely annoyed us, emphasizing our vast vacancies. The outlook was gloomy; the present was sad.

Someone knocked on our door and called, "Supper is served!"

"Kill him!" yelled Bill. He looked out into the passageway and said it was the steward.

Henry said, "It probably costs a dollar, which is fifty cents more than my whole roll, but let's ask him if we can maybe get a sandwich and a piece of pie or something like that."

An investigator went after the Steward, and shortly came back dragging that official by the arm.

"Tell 'em yourself, please sir; they would think I was kidding 'em!"

Whereupon the steward solemnly explained that, much as it hurt them to do it, the company was bound to feed its passengers without charge as long as the ship was held up enroute to her destination, and that we were welcome to dine as extensively as we cared to so long as the ice stopped us.

I doubt if we waited to thank him; the carpet in the passageway smoked all the way to the dining saloon. There, in a temperature below fifty, was served, with exact ceremonies, a five-course dinner that would have cost us, at stated prices, at least two dollars apiece.

Our point of view was modified. We wondered hopefully if there was any chance of our being there a week, provided of course that the galley and pantry were plentifully stocked, and we inquired of the waiter whether they had often been stuck before, and if so, how long. Five days was apparently the longest delay on record.

Outside was black cold and biting wind, and ice. The ship seemed to be an intruder suddenly set down in the midst of the Arctic ocean, with the North Pole probably just outside the circle of light from the cabin windows.

Filled and warmed with food and drink we decided to go to bed. There really wasn't anywhere else to go.

The "landlady," as Bob called the stewardess, brought us extra

blankets from other staterooms, and we spent a perfectly happy night.

The second day was intensely cold and fairly clear, but a black haze cloaked the horizon. Out of it shortly after breakfast, which was sumptuous, came a huge white ship, a car ferry from Grand Haven, crunching slowly and heavily over the ice floe. Its bow was blunt and its bottom was flat, and it proceeded by the simple device of climbing onto the ice until the ship's weight broke it; then backing off and repeating, ad infinatum.

In an hour the car ferry came abreast of us, and then circled laboriously about us, so that we were free to proceed in the comparatively open path which it had made from the Michigan shore. The ferry captain shouted to our skipper that we were about twenty miles out.

We had made less than five miles, however, when the channel became so clogged with ice which had floated up into it from beneath the main surface floe that we lost the path, and zig-zagged about as various cracks and small patches of open water showed up ahead of us. Finally we got into a long open lane which might have been the ferry's trail, but evidently it wasn't, for after an hour of fairly rapid progress a white speck showed up ahead that soon became a lighthouse, but it was the wrong lighthouse! Muskegon, not Grand Haven, lay ahead of us.

However, that didn't matter much. Two days' delay had already made it impossible for us to spend any time ashore; we would go directly back on the ship and perhaps reach Chicago in time for school Monday.

Muskegon is at the far side of Muskegon Lake, an arm of Lake Michigan six miles long and three miles wide, connected with the big lake by a mile-long narrow channel. As we aproached it, this channel appeared to be closed for keeps. Piles of ice concealed the breakwaters, and fresh snow lay deep over the ice. Through this

barrier, however, the "Alabama" slowly bored her way, shuddering in every rivet and raising high masses of ice high ahead of her concrete reinforced bow.

We crawled through the channel into the level expanse of Muskegon Lake, where men and horses were hauling sleds back and forth, and where dozens of little huts dotted the ice in all directions. These huts were the shelters of fishermen, who cut holes in the ice, put straw or board platforms around the holes, set up tiny stoves, and often stayed out there for several days at a time.

They had figured that the ice outside had become too thick for ships to enter, and our advent was evidently as unwelcome as it was unexpected.

Men rushed out of the huts and waved at us excitedly; bobsleds were pulled hastily out of our path before we should cut open a channel. The scene was certainly remarkable. Slowly we moved forward, on a zig-zag course, steering carefully around the huts, while their occupants watched us anxiously. The ice was so solid that scarcely any crack opened ahead of us, and the ice a few feet from the ship's side remained undisturbed.

A man came toward us on foot, pulling a light sled, and stopped almost dead ahead. Henry watched him with growing anxiety for several minutes, and then shouted to him from the bow where we all stood, "Hey, look out, you'll get killed!"

The man paid him no heed, but waved a greeting to the captain on the bridge above and called out to him, "Hello, Jim, shoot me a ladder!" He was the company's agent from Muskegon, and had just strolled down the lake to meet the ship!

A ladder was put over-side, and the agent walked up to it and climbed to the deck, while the "Alabama" scarcely paused in her trembling mile-an-hour gait.

Reassured by this apparently daring exploit, we later went down the same ladder and stretched our muscles in tag games and

snow fights, keeping always a safe distance from the stern of the ship where the propeller was throwing immense cakes of ice several feet into the air.

Five minutes after the "Alabama" was tied to the dock, she looked as if she'd been there all winter; and, what worried us a little, she looked as if she'd be there all winter.

The captain told us that he would try to start back for Chicago that night if the wind changed so as to shift the ice off shore. We decided to go down the shore of the lake for a short hike, cook our supper, and come back immediately to the ship.

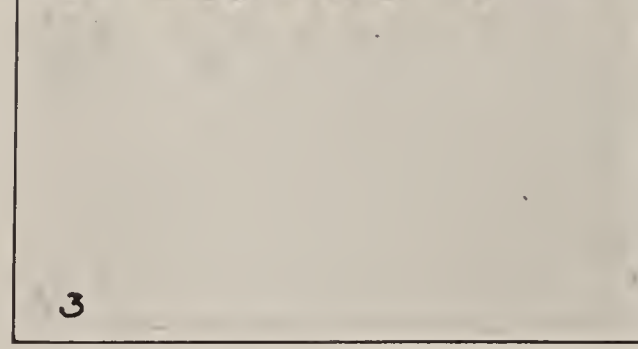
That supper was the coldest business we ever did. We were still addicted to pork and beans in those days, and our freezing fingers stuck to the can-opener. A smoky fire barely thawed the food, and Bob even claimed that the stuff froze to the spoon on the way to his mouth. We were glad enough to get back on board the "Alabama" and surround the radiators.

Early in the evening we crashed our way back over our refreezing trail to the inner end of the Lake Michigan channel, where we lay to. When we awoke in the morning we were headed out but still stationary, and shortly after breakfast we turned back for Muskegon. Evidently the ice was still considered to be too thick outside.

At the dock the agent came out to greet us with a cheery hail—

"Pretty good, captain! Daily service, eh?"

We loaded some more freight and late in the afternoon we started out again to find things in the morning much the same as the previous day. The captain, however, was anxious to get out and decided to put up a fight. After jarring everything loose on board in successive charges on the ice pack in which we gained only half a mile, he stopped, like Dewey in Manila Bay, to rest the ship and have his breakfast. Half an hour later, returning to the bridge and giving "full speed astern" he discovered that the cold though



1. "Three o'clock brought the welcome sight of an ice field"
2. "The Muskegon agent, with his sled, climbed to the deck."
3. "We stretched our legs in games by the ship's side."
4. "The crew, armed with pike poles, cut the ship loose."

uncalculating enemy had stolen up in his rear and wedged him in tight.

The "Alabama" shook from stem to stern, her screw revolved madly, but nothing else moved. Finally the commotion subsided, and we went below to enjoy ourselves. Bill started writing a scenario—"Ten Husky Hikers on the High Seas"; Jack drew pictures of icebergs; Thomson started a poem, and the rest of us read magazines. An hour later, going up on deck, we were amazed to find every man of the crew madly working on the hurricane deck to cast loose and swing out the life boats!

If the ship were sinking, we could walk on the ice to the breakwater which was only a few yards distant; yet the mates were urging the men to speed, and the big Welin davits were swinging out with the heavy boats.

The explanation of all this was that the boats were partially filled with pig iron, and the quick swinging out of all the boats on one side of the ship was an expedient resorted to when the ship became frozen in, the idea being that the slight tendency to list resulting from this shift of weight might crack the ice adhering to the opposite side of the ship and thus free her.

Apparently we had frozen too tight, however, for this trick to be of any avail. Presently the boats were again secured and the crew went over the side armed with axes, picks, pike poles, and crowbars, to chop the "Alabama" loose from Muskegon lake.

This was slow and perilous work, for every now and then the ice would crack in an unexpected place and half a dozen men would have to leap to safety. At last the ship was able to move astern a little, and then the real fight began. With the safety valve roaring continuously, and the boilers under forced draught, the captain raised the dickens with that ice pack. We hit it in several places tentatively at first, and then in a series of grand rushes broke through the channel into the open—field ice only a foot thick.

Just then the sun came out brightly, and we enjoyed the finest picture of the whole trip. Glittering ice surrounded us, in some places smooth, in others piled up in high windrows. Flocks of gulls flew about the ship, black water opened behind us, and in the background were the ghostly white hills of the shore. We moved slowly on our way, and it looked as if the last stage of our "hike" was on.

We had gone only a little way when we sighted another ship, evidently stuck fast. Proceeding with difficulty to her rescue, we found she was the Crosby liner "E. G. Crosby," very helpless and very grateful for our aid. She followed us out toward the open lake, which, by the way, we never reached—for the ice extended clear across except for a few narrow open channels near the middle.

We were getting to feel very much at home on the "Alabama." We were all speaking nautical terms; we had learned something very interesting about winter navigation. We learned that the "Alabama" carried in winter a very heavy propeller, each blade weighing 1700 pounds. The previous week she had been stuck four days in a moving floe which carried her from near Grand Haven to a point opposite Pentwater before she was released. We learned that the wind is the all-important factor in the formation and breaking up of ice fields and windrows.

We regarded with satisfaction our peculiar situation. Here we were, scouts on a scout hike, having all our meals cooked for us by a high-priced chef, and served to us in a luxurious dining room by a dignified colored waiter; no dishes to wash, no beds to make; not even any "inspection," except of the chambermaid's work, which always "passed."

And the fact that they were losing several days of school work didn't dismay the younger members of the party as perhaps it should have. We kept in touch by wireless with anxious parents

in Chicago, one of whom queried the captain daily whether her son was still safe on board.

We had come to have a sort of settled daily program, which was something like this:

7 A.M.—Reveille (Steward knocking on stateroom doors).
7:15—Getting-up exercises.
7:30—Morning wash.
7:45—Mess (Fruit, cereal, ham or bacon and eggs, rolls, coffee or milk).
8:15—Observation; looking for anything new on the horizon.
9:15—Instruction period. (Information trip about the ship, scout tests, literary efforts, etc.)
12 M.—Mess (Soup, roast meat, vegetables, potatoes, pie).
1:30—Indoor sports—(talking to officers, afternoon naps, etc.)
3:00—Athletic period (Sweeping snow off decks, feeding the sea-gulls, chopping ice from ship's side, or any other good turns we could think of).
4:30—Guessing hour (Guessing what would happen next).
5:30—Guard mount and evening watch (at dining room door).
6:00—Mess (Soup, meat and potatoes, vegetables, rolls or toast, fruit, cakes, etc.)
8:00—Evening radiator program—stories, stunts and similar camp-fire activities.
9:30—Refreshments in staterooms (Milk and crackers, etc.)
10:00—Taps.

The item in the afternoon program referred to as feeding the sea-gulls merits explanation. These beautiful birds were always about the ship in great flocks, pouncing eagerly on any scraps thrown out on the ice. The surplus from the ship's galley did not seem to be nearly enough, and we tossed overside our own surplus stock of bread and hardtack, bit by bit, enjoying the mad dash of several sharp-eyed gulls for each piece.

As our small supply of gull-fodder became exhausted we were in danger of running out of amusement, until Bob conceived the bright idea of tying a string to a piece of crust, and pulling back just as the birds were about to pounce on it. In this way we afforded the gulls a lot of stimulating exercise with a very small amount of equipment. Sometimes, however, they were too quick for us, so eventually they got all our food anyway.

That afternoon we had a regular scout treasure hunt on board as we progressed slowly toward Chicago. We reached Chicago very late that night, the red-and-white harbor flashlight gleaming across the dim whiteness about eight o'clock and increasing slowly in brilliance as we drove through delaying ice. We had been away five days.

During the evening we all told what we would have changed about the trip, if we could have had it just as we wanted it. The only changes anybody suggested were the omission of the high seas of the first day, the lengthening of the trip by about a week, and time enough ashore to visit Camp Keesus as originally planned. Otherwise the whole adventure had been eminently satisfactory.

We looked forward to the next winter, and trusted that it would be a cold one, with strong prevailing northwest winds. Winter hiking was certainly great sport!

Chapter Nine

DESPERATE DEEDS IN THE SAND DUNES OF INDIANA

Five tough characters—The kidnapping of Lopez—A wet trip to Michigan City—Sleeping in warm snow—The escape from the ice berg.

CHAPTER NINE

Desperate Deeds In The Sand Dunes Of Indiana

We come now to the adventure of the Bold Bad Bandits which Ray Overholtz of the 23rd troop innocently drew upon his trail when he became too boastful of his prowess with his new hunting knife in subduing desperadoes.

The patrol leaders of the Woodlawn district were to have a four day hike to Michigan City, Indiana, through the sand dunes. It would have been a peaceful affair had it not been the occasion of Ray's nerve test, which was given in the form of a stirring melodrama worthy of the wildest West.

We required a competent actor for the star role, and we selected the troop scribe, Russell Lopez, whose Spanish ancestry made him sufficiently temperamental to be a good prospect. To him was unfolded a plot somewhat like this:

He was to start out with most of the other hikers, on this trip to Michigan City under the leadership of Assistant Scoutmaster Wilson Rutherford. The party would camp the first night in the dunes near Millers, Indiana, where they would expect the Scoutmaster and other scouts to join them the next day.

But the Scoutmaster and a picked band of desperadoes would come out to Millers on the midnight car, surround the camp in the dunes and send two of their number, disguised, to seek out Lopez'

bed and carry him bodily off over the nearest ridge. Until beyond this ridge, Lopez was to make no outcry; if the bandits were seen by any wakeful members of the camp, very well; if they were not, just as well.

Once beyond the ridge and out of sight of the camp, Lopez was to yell for help in his most realistic manner; meanwhile his captors would bear him, still wrapped in his blankets, to an old flag-pole which stood about two hundred yards from the camp, out on the open beach, where they would tie him securely and leave him to continue yelling until help arrived.

When rescued by his fellows, he was to tell them how he was awakened in a moment of terror to find a gag being stuffed into his mouth, and was then carried off and bound to the pole, where his captors removed the gag and told him to yell.

Meanwhile the masked band would watch the camp until Rutherford led all but two, who would be left as guards, out to rescue the unfortunate Lopez. There Lopez' instructions ended, with a warning of violent destruction if he should ever reveal the fake.

It was certainly a desperate looking outfit that assembled at the corner of South Park Avenue and Sixty-third Street on the fateful evening to take the Hammond car—Henry Thomson, Bob Miller, Wayne Johnson, "Volley" Defaut, and one other. The hold-up party had all obeyed thoroughly the instruction to wear old clothes and to look as tough as possible. No one would have imagined that beneath those ragged coats and dirty trousers scout shirts and breeches were concealed. It was a bit disturbing to find that Wayne Johnson had improved on his instructions to the extent of arming himself with an awe-inspiring six-shooter and a ferocious fish knife.

His zeal nearly wrecked the expedition. Standing on a corner in Hammond waiting for our connecting car to Millers, the party became restless, and Wayne in his exuberance started to climb a

telephone pole. Just then a policeman, in a plain overcoat but wearing a prominent star that proclaimed him one of Hammond's guardians of the night, came along and suggested that Wayne should immediately descend.

Wayne, intent on his footholds, mistook him for one of the party and yelled back, "Aw, shut up, I'd like to see YOU do this!"

"Come down from there and let me look you over, or I'll give you a free ride!" said the peeved cop, tapping Wayne's foot emphatically with his club.

Realizing his error, Wayne came down quickly. Fearful of what would happen if the policeman should discover Wayne's arsenal, the rest of the party talked fast and desperately, explaining that they were a party of innocent and law-abiding Boy Scouts intent only on having their little joke, and that they were very, very sorry to have insulted him.

He was only half convinced, but said he'd overlook it. In vast relief the gang boarded the Millers car and finished their trip without further interruption. At Millers they hiked out toward the beach. They cached their packs at a hidden camp site half a mile from their objective and reconnoitered. Everything was fine. There in the faint moonlight lay the sleeping scouts, Adrian Kraus' pup tent rising protectingly in the midst. There beside Rutherford lay the form that should be Lopez.

The two kidnappers proceeded to do their stuff. Swiftly and silently they stole down the slope, and quickly they returned bearing their victim. Apparently nobody else in camp had stirred.

The kidnapers disappeared toward the beach and shortly Lopez' yells floated out wildly into the night. They were realistic enough to make anybody shiver. Presently the camp stirred. Above a rising buzz of voices could be heard Rutherford's tones of command. The rescue party, still half asleep, got under way. As per schedule, Williams and Overholtz remained on guard.

Noiselessly two stalwart bandits stole up behind them and said hoarsely, "Hands up!" Two terrified scouts nearly collapsed, but obeyed. "Head for town, and move fast," was the next command.

Williams gathered speed the faster. Overholtz, the stalwart, with his hunting knife at his belt, was frightened almost out of wind. He had stumbled only a few yards from camp when he was suddenly jumped on from behind and borne to earth. His assailant laid him on his stomach and pressed a tin spoon to his forehead. "Keep quiet," he hissed, "while I tie you up." Overholtz was as silent as the grave which he imagined he might soon occupy. With ordinary string Bob Miller tied his hands behind his back and told him to remain still.

Rapidly then, for a loud racket warned them that the rescuers were returning to camp, the desperadoes removed all packs and personal effects they could lay hands on in the camp and hid them some distance off behind a clump of small bushes.

Returning close to the camp they listened to the blood-curdling tale which Lopez was telling. He was telling it well. Nervous hands piled wood on the fire, and the group gathered closely together.

"I saw him first! I saw him first!" Kraus was saying excitedly, "I saw him from my tent!"

"Why didn't you give the alarm?" asked Rutherford.

"Do you think I wanted to get filled full of lead?"

Just then the absence of Overholtz and Williams was discovered. The plot thickened, but the scouts' blood thinned. Urged by Rutherford, they finally explored the vicinity, keeping well within the circle of friendly firelight. A low moan attracted them to the spot where Overholtz lay.

"Save me—I'm hurt," he whispered when they came closer, and then, as they lifted him up, he told how he had been tripped and

how cold steel had been pressed to his brow while he was bound with strong rope.

When they found that only ordinary string confined his wrists, they suspected nothing; so deeply awed were all of them that they gave the circumstance scarcely a thought.

Back in camp, Overholtz' spirits rose rapidly, and soon he was voicing loud threats against those villains if they should return.

"Why didn't you beat up the guy that jumped on you?" asked an unkind youth, but everybody quickly agreed that such a course, single-handed and unarmed, would have been foolhardy.

Now the loss of the packs was discovered, and fresh wails of distress arose. Everybody suggested looking for them, but nobody did it. Most of the party found it necessary to help pile wood on the fire, while Overholtz drew his hunting knife and waved it aloft to emphasize the vengeance that would overtake anybody who might try to cross his trail again.

This was too good to overlook. Bob, lying with the rest of the outlaws on the ridge just above the camp, arose and stood silhouetted against the sky. Almost instantly one of the scouts below, all of whom were furtively watching the horizon of sand for a possible return of their attackers, grabbed Overholtz by the arm and cried, "There's one of 'em now!" By the time Overholtz looked in the right direction Bob was again lying down out of sight. Overholtz saw only the bare ridge of sand and was overcome by a surge of desperate courage.

Gripping his knife firmly he yelled, "Come on, let's get 'em," and making sure that he was followed by the entire party, he dashed up the ridge toward the ambushed gang.

This was a ticklish moment. They waited until Overholtz' head came into view, and then all together they arose and lunged toward them. The result was instantaneous. In the wild dash back to the shelter of the camp-fire Overholtz led by several lengths.

Finally the excitement subsided somewhat. The frightened campers decided to go to Millers for a deputy sheriff, but not until daylight.

The causes of all this distress withdrew to their own hidden camp-site, where they felt safe from intrusion, and rolled up in their blankets for some long delayed sleep.

They were to meet the rest of the troops and their leaders going on the hike shortly before noon, and when they woke up they had barely time to connect with them. Making them believe they had come on the car just ahead, the bandits joined with them and proceeded, properly attired and with innocent faces, toward the scene of the previous night's terrors.

They found a haggard and nervous group, still searching for their packs, hungry, hollow-eyed, deeply distressed.

Cheerily the newcomers asked, "Did you have a good night?" and waited in surprise when no answer was immediately forthcoming.

After a tragic pause Kraus spoke up. "Some night! I'll bet the things we've been through will shorten our lives at least ten years!"

Then suddenly everyone began to talk at once, crowding around and letting loose the whole desperate story.

We listened incredibly, and offered to help hunt for the missing packs. Strangely enough we found them, and after a meal partial order was restored.

The effects of the midnight terrors gradually wore off, and unless they read these pages some members of that party will never know that the dignified Scoutmaster planned all the details of that raid, so successfully carried out by Bob and Wayne and Henry and "Volley"; or that the carrying out of those details was personally supervised by the said Scoutmaster who lay under a young cedar tree through the whole delightful performance until he was needed

to assist in carrying off the pack sacks. The burden of this secret had compensations, however—I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

We started on for Michigan City in a rain, with a cold east wind blowing in our faces. We reached a little shanty at Dune Park about six o'clock, and proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as we could. Eighteen scouts had to cook their suppers in individual mess kits over one small, degenerate stove, and it was a good thing we had a picked bunch along, who could be patient, considerate, and unfailingly cheerful. Later we had equally difficult sleeping arrangements to make. Those who were equipped to withstand the weather bunked outside under our ponchos; the rest squeezed into the shanty.

The next morning we cooked breakfast over the same limited stove, rolled our damp blankets, and hiked on, still in the rain. We made good time during the morning, and stopped for dinner opposite Tremont, at Waverly Beach. As we were unslinging our packs the rain stopped and the sun came out, so that we were able to dry ourselves and our effects and to enjoy a fine meal.

After dinner we climbed Mount Tom, highest of all the dunes, and surveyed a considerable expanse of country. Late in the afternoon we passed the Prairie club house, and a mile further on we halted to investigate a camp site for the night. The sun had gone in, and the wind blew from the north, so a sheltered spot was essential. We found an ideal place, and proceeded to hunt dry wood and make supper. These operations were carried out successfully, and everybody was preparing his bed when a few rain drops warned us of impending unpleasantness.

We packed up and hiked back along the beach, looking for a vacant cottage we had seen earlier, and trusting to have a roof over our heads for the night. Finally we located the cottage and

found that it had a large screened porch. The building itself was inaccessible on account of a large brass padlock and hasp on a heavy pine door.

The porch therefore became our haven for the night, and we built a large fire in front of it so that we could see to dispose of our beds on the floor. The night was so dark that without a light we could not see anything more than a foot away. When everybody had turned in, Thomson and I took all the canteens and walked back to the Prairie club house, where was the nearest well, to replenish our water supply. We walked along the lake beach, where every few seconds a white swirl would roar out of the darkness and disappear on the sand—we could not see just where the waves broke—and every little while we would walk straight into the water before we realized it.

When we got back to camp we had to build the fire again and dry ourselves before turning in. Blankets were very welcome.

Wednesday morning it still rained hard. We built fires outside and ate breakfast on the porch, starting off about nine o'clock to go the remaining ten miles to Michigan City. The rain never stopped. We halted for lunch in the shelter of a pine grove.

We reached Michigan City about four o'clock, and bought our tickets for Chicago.

The warm, comfortable train was welcome, and we traversed in an hour a distance that had taken us the greater part of three days to cover on the hike.

Everybody returned home well and satisfied, and the Michigan City hike took its place among the thoroughly enjoyable trips within our Scouting experience.

Each scout had learned something—how to carry a load, how to build a fire quickly under adverse conditions, how to be happy though damp and hungry, how to make a blanket bed, and how to

observe some of the scout laws relating to helpfulness, courtesy, friendliness, obedience, etc.

These last lessons had been fairly well learned before the hike, however—else the story of the hike would not have been so pleasant.

We hiked in the sand dunes in hot weather and cold. They had a charm that called to us always; they were a unique place for outdoor adventure. E. Stillman Bailey, in his book entitled, "The Sand Dunes of Indiana," says this about them:

> "A dune is a pile or ridge of incoherent sands, orderly or fantastically fashioned by prevailing winds. Sand dunes are common the world over; they are supposed to be inhospitable spaces of the earth.
>
> "The lure of the dunes is kin to the lure of the desert and the desire for great waste spaces. They have, however, a uniqueness of their own which admits of no comparison. They breathe mystery and romance, and appeal to the imagination. They have a temper and charm which you come to know and feel. At times they are in the area of fierce storms, with desert winds and blinding sands, and at other times one can, paradoxically speaking, listen to the voices of their silence. A hundred theories may explain their appeal, but, after all, the spell they cast becomes your own, to unriddle in your own way. The dunes are alluring and fascinating, and with the varying seasons their changing forms and colors weave for you a wealth of fact and a wreath of fancy. Their secrets are many, and their wild beauty is a pleasure to the eye and a joy to the memory."

Our best hikes to the dunes were in the winter when snow covered the sand and mantled the pine forests, while ice formations strange and enormous took shape on the frozen beach. The recollection is still vivid of those mid-winter trips when we left Chicago in the afternoon and arrived in the dunes after dark to hike to our camping spot.

Blackness—above, ahead, behind us; denser blackness on the left; whiteness on the right, with noise—these made the entire sum of our sense impressions as we hiked against the stiff north wind along the south shore of Lake Michigan on a January night.

On our right was the ice on the lake, showing clear in spite of the darkness of the night, groaning and hissing as the breakers struck it on its outer edge. The dark masses on our left were the trees of the forest-covered sand hills. The snow on the sand beach was not white enough to lighten our path; only toward the lake was there any light at all.

When we left the beach and climbed the hill of sand, it was still and very dark. The white ground showed faintly for a few yards about us. The thick growing black pine trees shut out the slightly less black sky. We pitched our tent; its brown mass looked a lighter shade of black than the trees. We gathered wood for the fire, chopping viciously to warm ourselves, and soon a tiny yellow flame sprang into being. Five minutes later the fire burned bright and hot, casting shadows which lightened the blackness of the trees and intensified the whiteness of the snow, giving it a deceptively warm pink tint. We sat down on our packs in the circle of light and prepared our late supper. This spot was like any other in the black bleak wilderness a few minutes ago; now it had become a comfortable, cheerful camp, where we felt at our ease as though we had been there for a long time. The magic of the fire made it so!

Then came the venture of crawling into chilly blankets—in those days we hadn't heard much about sleeping bags—and there was much comment on the possibility of all-night comfort, depending on the resistance of woolen sweaters, heavy socks, and carefully folded blanket envelopes. A few pine boughs from which the snow had been shaken separated us from the snow on which we lay; often we had no tent to protect us from the chill above and around

us. In the morning we sometimes found ourselves covered with fresh snow, which had to be brushed away before we could stand on our beds for a lightning dressing act. No setting-up exercises were needed; the struggle with frozen shoe leather and laces warmed everything but our fingers, and those we scorched with our bacon before our breakfast fire.

The days in the frozen dunes afforded great sliding, which left indelible faded areas on our breeches; exploring of the ice caves and windrows on the shore; and sometimes, when it thawed, the construction of vast fortifications defended in bloody snow battles.

On one day in early spring, when the ice floe along shore was beginning to break up, Henry Thomson ventured out on the ice to the very edge of the open water, and was posing for a photograph to be entitled, "Marooned on an iceberg," when suddenly there came an ominous cracking sound at his feet. Without any other warning a large section of ice detached itself from the main mass and began to drift slowly seaward with Henry as a very much excited passenger. Narrowly missing a fall into the icy lake he wielded his trusty axe and checked his departure long enough to make a wild leap to the mainland, where Lopez caught him and helped him to his feet. The photograph of this thrilling incident was a complete success and is reproduced in an earlier chapter.

Chapter Ten

THE GOOD TURN AT FORT SHERIDAN

A war-time service corps without service—Justifying the scout motto—High praise from Col. Nicholson—A patrol leader who could lead.

CHAPTER TEN

The Good Turn At Fort Sheridan

Fifty first-class scouts selected by severe examination, trained in public service duty, able to mobilize at any point on less than an hour's notice, a concrete example of the scout motto in practice—this was the Woodlawn District Special Service Corps organized in the stirring days of March, 1917.

Except for purposes of service or instruction, the Corps had no separate organization, no officers, and no regular meetings. Its activities did not in any way interfere with or take the place of troop activities. One service Corps scout was assigned to each public school in the district as the representative of Scouting in that school, to look after the interests of the organization and to cooperate with the principal in arranging for scout service in connection with school events.

Members of the Corps who had bicycles were expected to qualify, according to certain requirements in condition of mount, cyclist drill, knowledge of repairs, and practice rides, for the Cyclist Detachment, which was called upon for certain work that scouts without wheels could not do.

Every member of the Corps was required to have the following equipment:

A complete uniform in good condition.

Staff, guard rope, whistle and canteen.

Members of the Corps were called out for service by mobilization officers appointed from the Corps, by the use of the special telephone code.

Absolute trustworthiness was the most important requirement for every member of the Special Service Corps.

Each member was furnished with a copy of a special mobilization code, which was hung near the telephone in his home, and five mobilization officers were selected. By means of the code these mobilization officers could give directions by telephone to scouts or their parents, telling them in not more than six words where and when to assemble, what equipment to bring, and what the nature and duration of the service was to be.

For two months we cultivated the ability and dependability of this emergency unit, but no emergency arose that called for its special service, though of course all the troops were embarking on the various general war-time scout enterprises.

Just exactly what our outfit might be called upon to do nobody knew, but there was a feeling that the forming of the unit was in line with a proper desire to "Be Prepared" for whatever might turn up.

On May 14th the Special Service bunch got its big chance. To the office of the Chicago Council at 4 o'clock in the afternoon came a long distance call from the Commandant at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, to this effect: The Officers' Training Camp would open there next morning. Through an error at Washington a company of regulars stationed at Fort Sheridan had just been ordered to immediate duty elsewhere. These regulars were to have rendered vital assistance with the Training Camp. Thousands of student officers would be reporting the next morning with nobody to tell them where to go or what to do, no clerks to operate the post office, no orderlies to serve the instructing staff. Two scouts, sons of officers at

the post, had been assisting about the Headquarters for a few days, and because of their acceptable service it had occurred to Col. Nicholson, the Commandant, that there might be a bare chance of getting Boy Scouts to meet the emergency for a week until the War Department could detail troops to relieve the situation. Could fifty scouts report at Fort Sheridan at seven o'clock the next morning, prepared to stay a week? Quarters and board would of course be provided for them.

Mr. George G. Walker, then office secretary at the Chicago Headquarters, replied that he didn't see how it could be done—the boys were in school, and anyway there was no means of assembling that number of scouts for such exacting duties on such short notice. Then he was reminded of the Special Service Corps, and paused a moment. Could we do it? We could—just watch us!

"There is a chance that it can be done," said Mr. Walker over the telephone.

"We shall depend upon it!" said the officer at the other end of the wire.

At six that night the call was sent out for the Corps to assemble at the district office at seven, an interview having been held in the meantime with the Superintendent of Schools. Nothing was said in the call about the nature of the business in hand.

At seven the gang were all there. Many had come without their suppers.

"How many of you could go to Fort Sheridan tomorrow morning for a week of service in connection with the opening of the O. T. C., all expenses except your carfare to be paid by Uncle Sam, and full credit to be given by the schools for the time you miss from school?"

"Wow! Say that again!"

They thought they could all go, except two who had outside jobs they couldn't leave.

"All right. Go home and tell your folks, and unless you telephone tonight saying that you can't make it, we'll expect to see you at the Elevated Station at 5:30 tomorrow morning."

Thus was launched a unique and useful undertaking. Three boys, including the two whose jobs prevented and one whose mother was a bit severe, regretfully announced their inability to go. All the rest were on hand in the morning. In charge of Mr. Ralph Nodine, then the district secretary and leader of the Corps, they arrived at the Fort on time. Things happened immediately, and continued to happen.

It was originally intended to withdraw the service of the scouts after the rush of getting the camp settled, but when the time came for the boys to leave, the officers to whom they were detailed said they could not get along without them. Therefore arrangements were made to send a new detail of boys to the post every two weeks, and in that manner to furnish service throughout the camp, at the same time not interfering with the boys' school work.

At the opening of both the first and second camps the scouts met all the trains, acted as guides to the new men, assisted with the overwhelming amount of clerical work in connection with the registrations, and even taught signalling in several companies. To quote from the Chicago Daily News:

> "Scouts may be seen everywhere on the reservation. In the Adjutant's office they act as orderlies, while at the office of the Senior Instructor they do clerical work. Three scouts work every day at the post office, sorting, collecting, and delivering mail. Boys at the telegraph office hunt out every day over a hundred Toms, Dicks, and Harrys, and hand them little manila envelopes containing messages that enliven the day's work. At the Y. M. C. A. headquarters a scout assists the secretaries behind the desk when he is not on duty operating the Victrola. In addition to all these duties the scouts have one of their number assigned to each of the thirty company officers as orderly. These boys carry the company's reports,

sort its mail, and run hundreds of errands for the officers and men every day."

A major's quarters of twelve rooms was provided for the scouts, and the government furnished fuel, light, etc. The house was located in the midst of the officers' residences, within a hundred feet of the bluff overlooking Lake Michigan. During the entire period of service Mr. Nodine remained in charge.

THE SMILING BOY SCOUTS NEEDED MORE ARMS

(From the Fort Sheridan "Reveille.")

Usually the day's work was over at supper time, and the scouts met at their headquarters for an hour of drill, games, etc. When the weather permitted, there was often a swim just before turning in for the night. Many of the students at the camp who were scoutmasters in their home cities came to tell stories around the big log fire in the evenings.

To show their appreciation of the service rendered by the scouts, the men of the first camp made a collection of $400.00, part of which was used to have suitable souvenir pins made and awarded to the scouts who were on the Honor Roll for Fort Sheridan service.

Two days before school opened in the fall, on September 1, the scouts were withdrawn, after more than three month's steady service. Colonel Nicholson wrote a letter to the Scout Executive on August 17, 1917, expressing his appreciation as follows:

"Upon the breaking up of this the first training camp I wish to express to you my high appreciation of the work done by the Boy Scouts here during the last three months. The boys have surely done their bit. Each scout has taken the place of a grown man, and has performed all the varied duties required in the spirit of cheerfulness and helpfulness, which has evoked the admiration of all. I wish I could personally thank every scout, but as I cannot do this I want to give them something which will be a lasting reminder of their work here and our appreciation. I am enclosing a check for $400.00 which we hope you may use in procuring special badges for all the boys who were on duty here. Any money left over from this we wish you to use in any way you may see fit.

"Again expressing my appreciation, I remain,

"Yours sincerely,

(Signed) W. J. NICHOLSON,
Colonel, 11th Cavalry,
Commanding Officer."

"Headquarters,
Military Training Camp,
Fort Sheridan, Ill."

The valuable after-effects of this war service were many. One of them was illustrated at the Scout Exposition held in Chicago some time later.

At the Armory where this show was put on, scouts of the Special Service Corps were posted as door-keepers, ticket takers, and

messengers. One of the acts on the program was a signaling pageant. It was supposed to portray the history of signaling from early Greek or Roman beacon fires and the flaming cross of the Swiss cantons, down to the present day of wig wag and wireless. Half a dozen new troops from a settlement house district were to produce this scene, mainly because they had no scout uniforms and would supposedly get a thrill out of attiring themselves in more or less historically correct cambric costumes.

They did. Miniature copies of couriers and torchbearers of past ages ran amuck in all parts of the Armory. The kids were new scouts still untamed from the ways of the street. Their scoutmasters had not appeared.

A refreshment stand was selling little individual pies—custard, lemon, and apple, for ten cents each. The signalers bought or swiped the entire stock, ate part of it, and then practiced the delightful stunt of dropping half sections of sticky pie from the balcony rail onto the heads of innocent members of the audience who moved about inspecting the merit badge exhibit booths before the performance began.

The discipline of the entire situation was threatened, and the reputation of Scouting was being shattered by the impact of fragile pies on bald heads.

The director of the show tried vainly to stop the pie-droppers. Every available man was busy in a last moment rush of preparation and the director appealed to the officer in charge of the Special Service Corps to find some means of quelling the disturbance.

To Lefty Harfield, his personal orderly, the officer said: "Go and corral those signal kids in a corner of the balcony and keep them there until they come on for their act!"

"Yes sir!" Lefty saluted as he replied, and went after them.

Lefty was a small scout, an efficient patrol leader of quiet manner, who had large confidence in his officers. Often at Fort Sheri-

dan they had asked him to do difficult things. He had been intelligent enough to realize that these things needed to be done and he had been ingenious enough to do them.

It didn't occur to him that most of the fifty wild signalers were bigger than he was, or that they were at once the terror and the despair of their own scoutmasters. He had been given a job that must be done.

Just how he did it I don't know, but it is a fact that within two or three minutes he had the entire "signal corps" assembled in a section of gallery seats, in front of which he stood announcing that none of them would leave there until he gave the word.

They had never been treated so before. Very few people had ever attempted to control their movements and those who had were always obviously fearful of the results. Here was a small boy, wearing a uniform of high scout rank, actually giving them orders without the least lack of confidence that they would obey. Through respect, or surprise or weariness, or all of them, they stayed put, and when their act came Lefty marshalled them quietly onto the floor, off again, and back to their seats.

Special Service Corp training had saved the situation.

Chapter Eleven

A TENDERFOOT SCOUTMASTER IN THE FARTHEST WEST

Emigrating to the Charmed Land—Strange tools of scoutcraft—Learning a lot in a hurry—Camping on a new kind of canal—Wild pigs and painted caves in California.

"High Alpine Meadows Sprinkled With Lakes and Wild Flowers—"
(The trees are Alpine firs, which grow only at comparatively high altitudes.)

CHAPTER ELEVEN

A Tenderfoot Scoutmaster In The Farthest West

Late in 1919 there came a call to a Chicago scout officer to go out to the Pacific Northwest and undertake an executive position with the Seattle Council.

Strangely enough, as it seems now, the prospect was not in the least alluring. Chicago was a great and busy city; around it much fine adventure had been enjoyed; in it there was plenty of need for Scouting to be extended and developed. Seattle?—it was a word that called up only two pictures. One was of a totem pole standing in a public square, which had probably brightened a page of a school geography; the other was a newspaper headline announcing that one Ole Hansen, a rough and ready Seattle mayor, had once quelled some sort of labor disturbance.

To Dwight Ramsay of Keesus days, then a fellow worker in Chicago Scouting, the Seattle opening was mentioned lightly, a few days later, as a matter of no interest to anyone as busy and as happy as we considered ourselves to be.

"Do you know anything about Seattle?" Ramsay inquired.

"Nothing at all, except that it's on the Pacific coast somewhere near Portland, and has lumber-jacks and Eskimos and a totem pole on the main street."

This was before the enterprising eastern advertising of the

Seattle Chamber of Commerce; now such a degree of ignorance might not be excusable, even in Chicago.

Ramsay, it seemed, had visited Seattle frequently when he was stationed at a Puget Sound fort in the Coast Artillery service during the war. He led me into a quiet restaurant and spent two hours enlightening me about the city of Seattle and the Pacific Northwest. As I have since come to know, he really told me very little, but he did picture Seattle as a vigorous place and the ideal headquarters of one who enjoyed outdoor experiences unusual and unexpected.

So it came about that Ramsay's friend made a long railroad journey of exploration and found at the end of it much to amaze, interest, and strongly attract him.

On this "trial trip" the location of the Seattle summer camp was a matter of prime interest.

"Yes, we have a camp site, over on the west side of the Canal," Mr. John H. Piper told me in answer to my question.

The only canal of any importance I had ever seen was the Chicago Drainage Canal, on which the "May" had cruised—a straight and very practical ditch fifty yards wide, smelling frankly of its uses. The Panama, Suez, and other canals of which I had read were similar, though more extensive and of less distinctive atmosphere. I thought I knew what a canal was, and it was astonishing and disappointing to learn that 'way out here, with such an apparent latitude of choice, a camp site should have been chosen on the bank of a canal.

"I suppose there must be a forest or something that makes it attractive?" I asked hopefully.

"Well, it is largely logged-off land," was the answer, and in my mind there formed the distressing picture of a bare stretch of land on a canal bank, dotted with forlorn tents and perhaps a mess shack. It must be a fierce place!

Would you like to go over and see it?" asked Mr. Piper, who had supervised the first development of the site.

Sadly I prepared for the trip, wondering how such a mistake could have been made by apparently intelligent scout leaders.

The next afternoon, we took a steamer across the Sound to Bremerton, the Navy Yard City, and then a stage across the Kitsap County peninsula.

Just at dark we reached Seabeck. Here a cool wind blew in from an expanse of water whose extent was not apparent and a small gas boat bobbed uncertainly against a dock. Toward this we walked. All the way I had been confused as to our destination; now I was still more perplexed as to our course.

"What's this, the ocean?" I asked. We had certainly come far enough west from Seattle to reach the Pacific, I thought, and the lapping of sizable waves on the beach and the name of the little port combined to strengthen the impression.

"Oh, no!" said Piper with a hearty laugh, "This is the Canal."

The Canal!—How wide is it?" I asked after the first shock had passed.

"About five miles right here," said Piper, "but in some places it's only one or two miles wide."

So this was Hood Canal—five miles wide—a great salt water arm of the sea—this was the canal on which our camp was located!

In the darkness we could barely see the majestic mountains which line the farther shore of the canal and form the jagged limit of vision from Seattle westward. Clouds obscured their perpetually snow capped summits, on some of which we were later to stand, but the foothill range which formed the immediate bank or shore line was dimly visible.

"Those are high bluffs over there," remarked the tenderfoot scoutmaster as the gas boat headed toward them.

"Yes, about three thousand feet high," said Mr. Piper and proceeded to tell me a little about the Olympic mountains, of which more later.

It developed that the camp site, a reservation of 280 acres, was at the water's edge on a small cove just off the main channel of the canal, with a splendid swimming beach and a great substantial lodge set in a clearing surrounded by tall firs and cedars. Only a portion of the property was logged off, and that was already growing up to young trees again.

The lodge had an immense stone fireplace before which we sat and talked through the long evening while the newcomer from the east absorbed the atmosphere of the wilderness in large and delightful drafts.

We talked of the future of the northwest, and of the good fortune of boys who can be scouts and growing up in such a country, and of the camp and the appeal of camping.

After all, though we may not think it, one of the chief reasons why we like to go into the wilderness is because in the open country all our movements are under our own control.

Consider the number of obstacles encountered, wherever people are concentrated in large numbers, merely in going from one spot to another in the course of their daily affairs. At street corners we must wait for traffic to halt so that we can pass; at stations we must wait for busses or trains to take us on our way; in downtown buildings we must wait for elevators to carry us up or down; in offices we must wait while those ahead of us are interviewed; in stores we must take our turn with busy clerks.

It is hardly surprising, then, that city dwellers who have experienced it speak so feelingly of the "freedom of the great open spaces."

Thus we developed the philosophy of the outdoors, until the logs fell into ashes and the night chill touched our backs. Then, we unfolded cots before the fireplace and slept.

After four days in the new country, the visitor returned to tell his wife that out toward the sunset was the Charmed Land,

and with much regret at the prospect of leaving fine friends and familiar places, it was agreed that the scene should be shifted two thousand miles westward.

To see the far west from a transcontinental train or a National Park auto stage is one thing—to see it as a scout on foot with your entire outfit on your back, is quite another thing. And the scout's hiking grounds extend to regions far beyond the sound of any train whistle, and where there will be no imprints of tire treads on the trail for many years to come.

Here the most fascinating scout lore comes from the dream to the reality; here one really can get lost in untracked spaces; here one can follow the fresh tracks of wild game; here a knowledge of the compass and the stars, and the art of sketching maps is not merely interesting, but essential.

Our first introduction to hiking in the new surroundings was a four day trip through the Kitsap peninsula just west of Seattle, between Hood Canal and the main channel of Puget Sound. Its leader was Wilbur Riley of Bremerton, scoutmaster and ex-forest ranger.

We hiked over the Blue Hills of Kitsap County, through virgin timber and cut-over land, across streams and deep ravines, up high slopes to splendid view points, in sun and in rain. With bewildering rapidity I absorbed fragments of knowledge about skid roads, burns, chapparal, and greasewood thickets; about the art of walking calmly along a two-hundred foot log forty feet above the ground, balancing a pack on one's back, and about many other things I hadn't heard of in Chicago. Riley was a fast coach but a patient one; my first lesson in western outdoor craft was a large assignment.

One thing that bothered me was the absence of firewood in the forest. Accustomed to breaking off limbs for my kindling, I was a bit upset to find the lowest limbs on the giant firs at least a hun-

dred feet above the ground, and the fallen stuff in the dim jungle was too wet to be of use. It appeared, however, that there was usually a blow-down within reach, or a few dead standing snags, or other sources of firewood which the big live timber did not afford.

The wilderness of Kitsap County was a good introduction, but only an introduction, to the fartherest western wilderness. Across Hood Canal extending to the ocean, rose the Olympics, challenging the imagination and the ability of scouts and scout leaders, holding unguessed secrets for the explorer of untracked places.

There came to mind, in the consideration of this prospect, the lines in Kipling's poem, "The Explorer"; quoted at the beginning of Dillon Wallace's book, "The Lure of the Labrador Wild":

"Something hidden—go and find it!
Go and look behind the ranges—
Something lost behind the ranges;
Lost, and waiting for you—go!"

On the Olympic peninsula are the most rugged mountains and the densest forests in the United States. Included in it are the Olympic National Forest and Monument. This space of more than 4,000 square miles is still largely unexplored; few trails penetrate it; elk, bear, deer, and small game roam almost unmolested. It is the last West, still unspoiled by the trespass of civilization. Its mountain scenery matches any of our National parks; yet it is isolated and practically unknown.

At the eastern edge of this region the Seattle Council five years ago established its summer camp, which has become a base for wonderful adventure.

The camp is at the edge of salt water on the shore of Hood Canal; yet within a day's hike scouts can break ice on lakes to go swimming in July, indulge in snowball fights in August, and pho-

Camp Parsons, at the Edge of the Olympic National Forest, on Hood Canal, as it Looked in 1923. This Clearing is in the Midst of a 280-Acre Scout Reservation.

tograph wild animals on any clear morning. They can map the course of nameless rushing streams and measure with an aneroid barometer the altitude of nameless snow-capped peaks.

On trips of five to ten days' duration into this country the original arts of scoutcraft are tested to the utmost. To follow a faint trail long unused, to discern old blazes on mossy tree trunks in the twilight of the forest jungle, to determine safe routes where no trails exist, to find natural bridges over rushing rivers, to make and break camp quickly,—all these arts of the woodsman, as well as those of the mountaineer—on snow, ice, rock slide, and cliff—are essential abilities of scouts who join these parties.

On sixteen trips which were scheduled for this last season, scouts traveled through forests where the ground is dusty under giant cedars after the heaviest rain. They traversed Alpine meadows where a dozen species of wild flowers cover acres of loveliness. They made their way over snow fields and glaciers to gaze on hundred-mile panoramas from rocky summits far above the clouds.

To scouts who qualify for such expeditions the council Headquarters issues these interesting instructions:

"The equipment and the organization of long mountain hikes are different from those of all other scout enterprises.

"First of all, a scout planning to go on any of these expeditions should consider these four important facts:

"1. Every bit of your equipment—including grub, bedding, clothing, and utensils must be carried on your back all the way.

"2 From the start to the finish you'll be out of touch with civilization—no chance to secure forgotten articles, replenish food supplies, communicate with camp or otherwise correct mistakes.

"3. Because the trips are over seldom-traveled routes, faint trails, or entirely untracked wilderness, a scout cannot be sent back on account of physical unfitness, etc., without holding up the whole party.

"4. The Olympic hikes are through regions that have never been accurately mapped and in which no geological surveys have been made. Therefore they are exploring expeditions, to add to our knowledge of this most rugged of mountain country and densest of North American forests. From each trip we bring back fresh data of important and permanent value."

Of course, these four statements suggest that only fairly husky scouts undertake these hikes—and that's right. They also suggest that careful preparation is very important—that's right, too. To balance the statements made above, consideration of these four also should be made, covering four seasons' experience:

1. The average weight of packs for mountain hikes has been *only twenty pounds.*

2. Every party has come back with a small amount of surplus grub.

3. Only two scouts have ever been disabled on a mountain hike, and in both cases the cause was *badly fitting shoes.*

4. No party has ever been lost or delayed more than one day. Only men of proven ability are entrusted with the leadership of Olympic hikes.

The details regarding shoes, personal outfit, and the rules of the trail are interesting. To each would-be mountaineer scout this counsel is given:

"You should have a rover pack, large knapsack, or lightweight wooden pack board. Your pack must weigh little of itself, it must fit you comfortably, riding high on strong wide straps, it must close securely and open easily. It must be hung so that it will stay with you—a poorly hung pack might shift suddenly and pull you off a ledge or a stream-log, or it might leave you entirely and drop quietly over a cliff.

"A wool-bat sleeping bag of light weight, with a waterproof cover or envelope, is the best rig to sleep in. Next in preference comes a wool quilt or two light wool blankets, with a ground cloth

or light poncho. Nights are cold in the higher altitudes, even in August.

"Your shoes are even more important than pack or bedding. They must fit comfortably, they must be strong and in good repair. They must be well-oiled so that they will be soft and easy, and will dry quickly when wet. Soles must be thick enough to take calks or hobnails, but not too thick, for light weight is essential. If you buy a pair of shoe-pacs or boots be sure they're of soft leather, with flexible soles, and not over 10 inches high.

"Wear old pants or scout breeches—(be sure they're not tight) —a wool shirt, wool socks, light cotton underwear, and a soft hat. Avoid stiff-brimmed scout hats and "shorts" on all mountain trips.

"Carry in your pack only one suit of light underwear, to be worn instead of pajamas, one extra wool shirt or light sweater, three of four handkerchiefs, and a change of socks.

"Carry also your toothbrush, toothpaste, comb, a small towel, a small piece of soap, a compass, and some waterproofed matches. You may want a small kodak, a small flashlight, a hunting knife in secure sheath, and chewing gum or lemon drops. The leader of the party will see that sufficient axes, life lines, and first aid kits are provided."

The leader also makes up a grub list and menu, and divides food bags and cartons amongst the scouts for fair proportionate weight. Certain members of the party are assigned to carry the aluminum cooking pots, tin plates, cups and eating tools. No frying pans or pails are carried.

The grub list looks strange to those who see it for the first time. With Horace Kephart the leaders of these mountain hikes agree that variety and ample quantities are prime essentials. But they differ with him when he lists a bill of fare that weighs nearly 3 pounds per scout per day. They cut that in half and still feed the husky hikers abundantly without resorting to the condensed colic or "patent mummified grub" which Mr. Kephart denounces.

They have found as already intimated that the frying pan is unnecessary, for neither the festive flapjack nor the pungent bacon inspire a scout to ascend three thousand feet lightly before lunch time. Flour, cured meats, and corn meal, old stand-bys of the pioneers, have all been forsaken; they stick to your ribs—yes, they stick, and stick, and stick!

Breakfast consists of scotch oat cakes with butter, stewed fruit, or fruit jello, corn flakes, shredded wheat or grape-nuts with milk, and cocoa. The scotch oat cakes, which are baked in camp before starting on the hike, are more tasty and nourishing than hardtack and less bulky as well. The cereals are all put through a fine food chopper to condense their bulk before packing. Dry whole milk is used because it tastes better than evaporated milk and is lighter to carry. Dehydrated fruits such as apples, peaches, and apricots are most favored.

The noon meal is a "trail lunch," highly concentrated, consisting of cheese, raisins or prunes, sweet chocolate, and nut meats; sometimes with real ice cold chocolate malted milk, sometimes with just plain water. The lunches are issued in individual cloth sacks every morning, so that at the noon halt packs need not be opened.

For supper there is mulligan made with meat, potatoes, and rice, bread and jam, tea, and cake. Or the main dish may be meat loaf and tomato sauce, with rice pudding for dessert. The meat—roast beef or corn beef—is the only canned food carried. Meat loaves are baked back in camp and dried several days in the oven. Dehydrated vegetables of local manufacture are found very satisfactory. The cake is rich pound cake made with many eggs, or a rich nut cake, which satisfies the desire for a sweet dessert and provides very concentrated nourishment.

Cake and meat loaf are carried in cardboard cereal cartons, jam is packed in cardboard cylinders, sugar in a waterproof bag, and all other food in plain cotton sacks.

Before starting on a trip the leader calls a meeting of his party

to divide the duties of camp and trail. One or two scouts will be assigned as cooks, one or two others to rustle firewood, another to get water, others to get boughs or moss for beds, others to pitch tents, and one to keep the "log."

This latter job is extremely important, especially if the trip is a new one, for a sufficiently detailed account of the route must be given to enable other parties to follow it, through cloud or in sunshine.

Sometimes an experienced scout who has been over the route before will be assigned as guide. Scouts who are particularly fitted for this sort of work may qualify as "Olympic Guides" according to certain specified requirements.

Every morning and every afternoon the party "numbers off" so that each scout has an assigned place in line. No one except the guide may walk ahead of the leader on the trail. The entire party must always keep together.

At every rest we lie down at full length, if the nature of the ground permits, with our feet raised, and relax completely. Three minutes of such rest is equal to ten minutes standing up or sitting on a log. We aim to reach camp at the end of the day fresh and fit for the work that must be done before we can sit by the campfire or slide into bed.

These additional bits of advice are handed out:

"Walk uphill flat-footed—don't 'spring' up on your toes; nothing will wear you out so quickly. Have patience to go downhill slowly.

"Avoid getting chilled while resting—button your shirt just as soon as you begin to cool off.

"Drink sparingly on the trail. Eat snow if you eat it slowly.

"Avoid asking frequently, 'When do we eat?'—or, 'How much further?' These questions are chechako-signs. (Chechako is Siwash for 'tenderfoot.')

"Private or government property must be carefully respected.

Fire tool-boxes, cabins, lean-tos, etc., are never tampered with or damaged. Even in the more remote wilderness where these things aren't found, every camp site is left perfectly clean, with no mutilated timber.

"Be careful never to roll rocks over a cliff or down a slide, either intentionally or by careless footwork. Falling rocks are deadly.

"The leader of the party will insist on extreme precautions against forest fires, and you'll observe these precautions cheerfully even though they seem to require unnecessary labor."

The success of every expedition depends mainly on the spirit of co-operation of all members of the party. Each one does willingly anything he may be called upon to do; anything his strength, knowledge, or skill enables him to do. The third, fourth and fifth scout laws are particularly important.

From the viewpoint of the Scoutmasters who go on these trips with their boys, the educational, inspirational, and recreational benefits are tremendous. As incentives to proficiency in scoutcraft, and as older-boy enterprises of a thoroughly satisfying sort, they can't be beat.

Of all these trips, on which hundreds of scouts have now gone into the most remote Olympic regions, the first will always be remembered the most vividly, partly because it was so ambitious, and partly because it was so astonishingly unlike any Scouting ever previously experienced. The story well deserves its own chapter.

Warm Hiking Over Snow Fields in August in the Olympics.

A Party of Well-Shod, Well-Fed Scout Explorers.

Chapter Twelve

A GLAZED TRAIL IN THE UNMAPPED OLYMPICS

The remotest American wilderness—Directions with a double meaning—No place to lie down—Cat tracks and devils' club—Snow balls in August—The mountain that wasn't climbed.

CHAPTER TWELVE

A "Glazed" Trail In The Unmapped Olympics

In 1920, at our summer camp on Hood Canal, scouts and their leaders became fired with the ambition to climb all the peaks in the Olympic range that hadn't already been climbed. This was a large objective, for in the Olympics there were plenty of mountains that hadn't even been named, not to speak of climbing them.

One in particular attracted us, a majestic double peak called "The Brothers," which stood out prominently on the eastern edge of the range as viewed from Hood Canal. No trail led to its base; it rose amidst a rugged maze of sharp ridges that had baffled several attempts to reach it; between these ridges and the Canal lay the dense forest jungle.

One day at Brinnon, the little post office that served our camp, we learned of a rancher who had penetrated into "The Brothers" country and would probably tell us about it. At his ranch, stuck on the steep hillside that rose from the Canal, we sought and questioned him.

"Yep, I've glazed* a trail clean into the high country right past that mountain, and a feller that was fool enough to want to climb it could go right in there easy as anything and skin right up to the top"—thus spoke Kindrew, a wiry little man of sixty years.

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*Of course he meant "blazes," but "glazes" was the word he repeatedly used.

We asked him to tell us about it, which he cheerfully did. Hasty but rather full notes were made as he slowly spoke his instructions, and I quote from them in part:

"First day—Climb hill behind Kindrew's ranch, to old log chute; at head of chute follow straight over log road to burned bridge. Turn to right and look for first faint blazes. Follow blazes through timber down to creek, cross creek and follow blazes up steep bank on other side; cross a narrow ridge and come down to second creek. Camp here.

"Second day—Cross creek, go up bank, and turn left, following blazes on over level ground through tangled timber about 1½ hours to another creek. Follow along valley, crossing two blow-downs, finally coming to thicket level with creek bed, and cross creek. Go up steep bank and turn left, coming again close to creek, following it through dense thickets to falls near its head. Bear right, up steep bank into draw above falls and follow blazes up through open timber to ridge; cross it and go down other side, bearing left, to another creek. Camp.

"Third day—Cross creek, go up bank and bear right, skirting steep mountain side and soon bearing left, within sound of another creek. Cross creek (probably finding snow there till Aug. 1) and bear left, coming up into another draw and following through it to ridge; bear left through open timber, coming finally to outcropping of rock, from which good view may be had. Blazes lead to right at this point. Avoid following other blazes leading off to left. Go straight down from line of new blazes around left of this rock summit to lake about 100 yards below. Camp here.

"Fourth day—Follow blazes from lake back up to top of ridge and turning left follow the ridge toward The Brothers. Use your own judgment.

"Return trip from meadow or ridge to highway can be made in two days."

Now if the writer of those notes had ever climbed any mountains he would have realized that they described a lot of exceedingly difficult wilderness travel, but in his verdant ignorance he

never thought of that, and only asked, "Is there much hard work in following this line of 'glazes'?"

"Shucks, no; a feller wouldn't have no trouble; it's some years since I made 'em, and some'll be dim, but you can foller right along."

"Is there much good scenery?" was our next question.

"Well, no more'n usual. 'Course on clear days you can look quite a piece from them ridges, but I wouldn't say there's anything special."

"Well, do you figure we can climb the mountain all right after we get to this lake you mention?"

"Oh, sure thing—jest go right up the snow to the top!"

"How near the top have you been?"

"Why should I go near the top?—there's nothing up there except snow and rocks!—but I got near enough to see how easy it would be!"

"Are we likely to see any big game?"

"Not if it sees you first—but they's plenty of bear in there, and marmots, and lots of cats."

"Cats?"

"Sure—cougars is their right name, I guess. My wife shot one right here on the ranch last winter that was nigh ten feet from tip to tip!"

While ten-foot cats might be all right in a zoo, the prospect of finding them loose in the woods was to us not only novel but alarming. Our faces must have expressed our misgivings for Kindrew hastened to say that they were really quite afraid of humans unless cornered. We resolved to avoid corners.

We returned to camp in great excitement. We were keen for this expedition; this was going to be the real stuff! For years we had read of such country and such trips; now we were on the threshold of high adventure indeed!

Just how high it was going to be we didn't realize. We overlooked entirely the circumstance of Kindrew's forty years of experience in the hills and our own absolute lack of experience; we thought only how lucky we were to have run onto the information that would enable us to accomplish a brilliant mountaineering feat and a thrilling adventure.

The next week was spent in most careful preparation. All the wisdom of Kephart and Nessmuk was drawn upon in our planning for packs, shoes, grub, and equipment. This was well, and for our study we later had reason to be thankful, but Kephart and Nessmuk had never seen country quite like the Olympic peninsula—there isn't any like it, *except* the Olympic peninsula.

We made up provisions for a party of eight for eight days. We followed some of Kephart's suggestions and added a few of our own. Our menu was varied and adequate and our grub pile was surprisingly small.

We had dehydrated fruits and vegetables and other items of what Forest Supervisor Fromme blasphemously called "condensed colics"; we had hardtack in three languages—German, Scotch, and Swedish, and we had cheese, chocolate and raisins for our lunches. We carried tinned roast beef and salmon, plenty of rice and oatmeal, and such luxuries as spices, malted milk tablets, and a can of jam. We decided not to depend much on barbecued bear or cougar, but we hoped to bring down a whistling marmot on the wing—(for some unexplainable reason we had assumed that marmots were birds, and our first sight of one was a terrible shock.)

Pup tents and ground sheets, with a change of shirts and underwear, were all the shelter we carried; toilet articles, cameras, and a .32 revolver completed our outfit.

When rammed into our Rover packs, all this weighed less than 25 pounds apiece, and we considered that we had really achieved near to perfection in going light.

On a bright afternoon we again approached the Kindrew ranch. The old man pointed the way up the hill and wished us good luck. He was optimistic! Over the burned and logged-off hillside we toiled in the hot sun, found the old skid road at the top of the chute, and turned off to the right after crossing the "burned bridge." There we camped at the edge of the virgin timber, deciding to spend the remaining hours of daylight in locating the first "glazes" and investigating the first part of our route.

We searched in vain for a level spot for our pup tents, and finally accepted the necessity of sleeping in an undulating position. For the next four days we never found a clear spot big enough for a pup tent, nor even an area of visible ground large enough to sit down on. Such is the Olympic jungle.

Over mossy decayed logs, through dense under-carpetry of vine maple, sallal, and huckleberries, we floundered in search of the "glazes." Darkness fell before a single mark was discovered. Well —we'd find them in the morning.

But we didn't. Late the next afternoon, when we had examined every tree trunk in several acres where the directions said the blazes were, we were about to forget about blazes and strike off for "The Brothers" by compass, which would have been entirely futile, when Abbie suddenly shouted, "I've got 'em, I've got 'em!"

Sure enough, he had found three faint blazes, in a line, on trees about twenty yards apart. Unquestionably we were off to success.

Yes, we were off—quite badly off. This was undoubtedly the "glazed trail," but when Kindrew had mentioned that the "glazes" might be rather faint he hadn't told the half of it. In the gloom of the dense forest they were barely visible, and often we were compelled to stop by a blazed tree while sharp-eyed scouts went ahead in the supposed correct direction to search minutely for the next mark.

Eventually we came to what we surmised was Fulton creek and followed it through the "dense thickets" which were full of Devils' Club, a tall substantial bush that resembles a greatly magnified Canada thistle and scratches hands, neck, and ears with impartiality. Mixed in with the Devils' clubs were salmon berry bushes, loaded with great orange-colored fruit, very watery but pleasant to eat.

Beyond the creek we came to the "steep bank." This was a localism for "high mountainside," as we learned by perspiring experience when we consumed three hours in covering what the directions disposed of in three words.

At the creek where we camped the second night we recalled that our long-distance guide had said something about it being a favorite place for game to drink. A few minutes later Gus found a cat track as big as a tin plate in the soft earth beside the creek. From the higher ground on both sides we could make out animal trails coming down toward our camp site. This was the real thing, all right, but the thrill it gave us was of a disturbingly different sort than the thrill we had gotten in just looking forward to it. What if all these bears and cougars and lions and other temperamental beasts who evidently haunted this territory should object to our spending the night there!

On the previous night each member of the party had slept where he chose over an area of half an acre; now the entire expedition concentrated its sleeping facilities within a yard of my tent.

The night passed without event, and in the morning we tripped lightly up another little "bank" nearly one thousand feet high and finally came, past the decreasing beginnings of another creek, to a high ridge covered with open, park-like timber which for the first time afforded a chance to see more than fifty yards ahead. A faint haze prevented our looking off the ridge to any great distance, and

"—At the edge of the virgin forest, into which we traveled for four days without finding a place to lie down at full length."
(The scout is standing on the whitened trunk of a fallen cedar)

so we stuck to our "glazes," with many delays and uncertainties, until we came to what appeared to be an uncommonly large boulder rising up from a little hillock beyond the tops of the trees about its base. These trees were small and grew thickly, so we couldn't see much of the top of this rock, but judged it was the one referred to in our directions—if so, we were well toward the end of the line of "glazes."

Abbie, the longest-legged and fastest climbing member of the expedition, scrambled up the rock and disappeared from view above us. A moment later he shouted wildly, "Come up! Come up! Come up quick!"

"What can you see up there?" we shouted back.

"I can see everything; hurry up!"

We went up. As I saw Abbie above us, he appeared to be sitting on the top of the boulder looking off beyond my view. I reached a foothold that enabled me to reach up and grasp a niche in the extreme top, and pulled myself up, getting all set to scramble onto the summit and stand there to gaze at a magnificent view.

I got a violent shock, for as I swung a leg over the top, it dropped down immediately on the other side, and I found myself straddling a knife ridge less than a foot wide, and looking straight down into a completely vacant space in which there floated, apparently several miles below, a bunch of dark clouds that concealed the earth which I supposed lay ultimately beneath.

I think that moment of the trip held a thrill just a little bigger than any other. We all sat in a row on the ridge, looking about us. Just below on one side, the ridge we had been following sloped off toward the south and east; to the west the outcropping ridge-top of rock led straight toward the enormous mass of "The Brothers," rising up apparently just a mile or two ahead; to the north was the terrifying abyss, a canyon that was in reality more than two thousand feet deep.

The tension of our awe and astonishment was relieved by Gus, who remarked peevishly, "I wish that darn thunderstorm would move out of the basement so we could see what's down there!"

This was our first look, of a close-up sort, at the "high country" which in the four years since has become so familiar and delightful. We were so absorbed in the view that on the first summit we forgot to take any photographs, an omission that we remedied as fully as possible the next day.

It was already late afternoon, so we descended to the more level tree-covered portion of the ridge below and searched for the "glazes" that would lead us to the "lake." We didn't find them, but Abbie, in prospecting about, caught the reflection of a tree in the gathering dusk below us, and we hurried to the spot. A lake it might earlier have been, by great stretching of the term, but now it was a tiny mosquito pond, and its muddy edge was extensively imprinted with the unmistakable evidence of bear and "cats."

Twenty yards from it, on the only available open spot, we made camp, building three smudges around our cooking fire to combat the mosquitoes, which were intolerable for the first half-hour and then suddenly left in a body for the night, leaving us very much surprised but properly grateful.

On this night again the rest waited till I pitched my tent and then decided that the only satisfactory sleeping ground was right around it. Two hardy explorers lay down on its right side, two on its left, and the other two directly across the entrance. I had a .32 revolver!

Woodsmen and mountaineers who may read this with amusement should be assured that since that first adventure none of our parties going into the wilderness have been armed. We have learned to discover bear tracks and cougar tracks near our beds in the morning without the least anxiety—but this trip was our introduction!

There came a time after supper when we found that we needed more water, to be boiled for later drinking—for we didn't like the look of the pond's contents for straight consumption—and I voiced a general request to the assembled gang for someone to fill our folding canvas bucket.

Silence lasting several seconds.

"Well, I'll go if somebody will come along and hold a flashlight—I don't want to stumble over that log by the edge of the pond," volunteered Bill finally.

"I'll go with you, but somebody else better come with another flashlight; mine might go out"—this from Gus.

Finally a compact expedition of four brave youths was organized to escort the bucket over the twenty yards of distance separating the camp-fire from our natural cistern, and it shortly returned successfully.

During the night a large animal crashed through the bushes near the pond. In the morning I asked if anybody else had heard it. It seemed that everyone had. In fact it appeared that the woods had been full of noisy beasts most of the night. "Let's not ever camp here again," was a suggestion that received hearty approval.

It was decided that we should go on toward our objective traveling light—taking with us only a minimum of blankets and one day's rations, leaving the rest of our duffle cached in the top of a young sapling. We tied all the stuff to be thus protected from the animals into a poncho and managed to lasso an upper limb of a suitably elastic young tree and pull it over toward the ground. While all the rest of the party held it down, Abbie made the bundle fast, but through misunderstanding of instructions we let go too soon, and Abbie was jerked violently from our midst.

This surprised Abbie as much as the rest of us, and when his

hand-hold slipped and he dropped to the ground the combined shock of rising and falling left him entirely out of breath for several seconds.

Feeling that our cache was secure, we started along the knife edged ridge toward our mountain which rose majestically straight to the west, seemingly scarcely a mile distant. All morning we crawled, walked, and jumped, getting a thrill a minute as the unevenness of our way brought continuous difficulties. Below us on one side the precipice dropped clear to the creek bottom far below; on the other side, a gradual slope led down just a few yards to perpendicular cliffs which though not quite so high, fell away from fifty to two hundred feet to the tree tops visible below. We felt very much cut off from the world and very uncomfortable.

By noon, we were very thirsty; on every previous day there had been plenty of water and we had no canteens. We knew that to get water we must go down, perhaps a long way, and our objective was up, but we decided to descend the first draw we came to that might lead to the tiny headwaters of a stream.

Such a draw or V shaped opening in the rock cliff below us soon appeared, and we went cautiously down its steep slope, clutching small heather and fir brush to hold ourselves back. Not the faintest murmur of water reached our ears. To go down very far would be next to impossible, so steep was the angle of the mountainside, and if we got down, we certainly could not get up except by the most extreme exertion. But we were very thirsty. A bit of damp moss clinging to a rock attracted our attention, and I dislodged it with a stick, to find beneath it a tiny trickle of water which wet the surface of the rock only a few inches and then disappeared. But it would fill a cup in three minutes and we stopped right there, clawing at rock niches and roots for anchorage while we ate our trail lunch and quenched our thirst.

From then on the party called me Moses, because I had struck the rock and gotten water. That water saved us a lot of time and

trouble. We climbed back up to the ridge and soon came within sound of the roar of great waterfalls which later we were to see.

The climax of the whole trip came when we arrived at sundown at a place where the rock ridge fell away sharply in a series of great ragged pinnacles into a valley, across which, less than a mile away, rose the great double peaked mountain, "The Brothers." Down a perpendicular cliff below the snow mantled upper slopes, fell two cataracts of ice cold snow water tumbling more than two thousand feet into a green box canyon.

The fault in the ridge directly ahead of us effectually blocked our progress. To go on without an aeroplane was impossible. To descend into the box canyon far below us and attempt the impassable cliffs on the mountains we had hoped to climb would have been equally out of the question. We found a comparatively level spot just below our ridge and camped for the night, going back before dark to our tiny spring in the rock to get a supply of water.

In the morning we decided to return without a further attempt to scale "The Brothers," as our grub supply was limited and we did not know what difficulties we might meet if we delayed for further exploration.

We made the pond by noon, rescued our cache of supplies, and traveled on down as rapidly as possible. We had improved the blazes with our own axes on the way up, and we moved considerably faster, and reached the canal in two days.

We felt that we had been somewhere! We had traveled through forests where no trail existed, we had followed Kindrew's uncertain line of faint blazes, we had traversed a great deal of nearly perpendicular scenery, we had seen wonderful sights, and we had come back safe and well.

Many times thereafter we enjoyed hikes more successful. We learned to climb over immense snow fields in August and try vainly to keep cool; we learned the unequalled joy of standing on the absolute summit of a hitherto unclimbed mountain; we learned

to become almost friendly with the over-sized woodchucks that are called whistling marmots, and to photograph them at close range; but none of these things gave us the thrill of that first venture into the virgin jungle above Kindrew's ranch.

Later in that first season there came a different sort of adventure, in a different region of the west, which deserves brief mention.

Rugged, romantic, and almost uninhabited, the Santa Cruz islands, thirty miles off the southern California coast, seemed to offer prospects of interest and adventure for a unique camping trip from Santa Barbara in August, 1921.

My friend, Harold D. Ware, who had left Seattle to be Scout Executive at Santa Barbara, chartered the fishing boat "Victory" and innocently embarked with seventeen scouts on the five-hour voyage to Valdez harbor on the east shore of Santa Cruz island, the largest of the group.

The Pacific ocean was in a bad mood that morning. The first hour was one of anxiety; the remaining four were periods of intense suffering and extreme distress. It is bad enough to be sea-sick on a high-class passenger liner; to be sea-sick on a fish tug is a great deal worse. There was no refuge from the wind and spray below decks because of an absolutely deadly smell that spoke memories of many horrible cargoes. The leader of the enterprise lay behind a box on deck where he couldn't see the top of the mast describing dizzy arcs against the clouds; most of the boys lay about him too miserable to talk and too weak to move. The hardy spirits of the party, to make matters worse, amused themselves by taking snapshots of the sufferers.

Finally the "Victory" rolled into the so-called harbor of Valdez, which was merely a niche in the rock wall that forms the eastern shore of Santa Cruz island. There was no town, the only habitation on the island being a small colony of sheep raisers at the extreme southern end.

Camp was set up by a tiny stream near the harbor, and the party organized for exploration.

Years ago the Spaniards cruising up and down the California coast tried to settle on this island, but finally gave up the effort as it became evident that because of the extreme drouth no vegetation would grow, except sagebrush. In a wide valley running through the center of the island the ruins of several Spanish ranches now remained. Not a tree or blade of grass was to be seen except at the scouts' camp site, where a few scrub oaks struggled for a career of very slightly shady usefulness.

The Spanish ranchers had brought pigs to the island, and some of these pigs evidently missed the boat when the last of their owners moved out, for there are now on the island considerable numbers of wild hogs, savage great grand-piglets of the lazy porkers of a century ago. They are really dangerous when attacked in close quarters. Several of them, however, were shot for our bill of fare, but the meat proved obstinate to deal with. The animals lead a very active life scrambling over the rocks and hills, and all the culinary arts of scout cooks failed to soften the blow when our teeth hit those wild pork chops.

In the six days of our stay on the island we climbed Mt. Diablo, elevation 2400 feet, and explored a large portion of our surroundings, always carrying full canteens and stopping two hours at noon during the worst heat of the sun.

The fourth day a fishing craft in Valdez harbor was hailed and its master was induced to take the party down the shore to the "Painted Cave."

The tide was low, and we sailed under a rock archway that just admitted our mast, into a great domed chamber whose walls and ceiling were marvelously colored rock of all hues, and whose floor was the restless Pacific, clear as crystal, with great fish swimming in its depths.

Here we dropped anchor and embarked in two small skiffs, passing across this vaulted marine palace to a small opening at its far side, and through this into a smaller portion of the cave, pitch dark, where our flashlights lit up walls of even more brilliant hue. Every color of the rainbow was held in those glistening rocks. We explored this passage its entire length, some five hundred feet, and then hurried out. We couldn't keep our minds off the obvious fact that the door into that place was entirely submerged except at low tide. It was satisfying to sail out again into the open sunlight.

The Pacific was kind to us on our return to the mainland, but that was just luck. There are only three of the party who would look forward without nervousness to another trip to Santa Cruz until they get a bridge built.

Chapter Thirteen

IN THE HEART OF THE CASCADE RANGE

A railroad that runs on request—A summer camp no auto will ever reach—The right ridge but the wrong mountain—Log cabin evenings—The lake that got lost—Snowshoe adventures in Mt. Rainier National Park.

"Where the roaring stream rushes through rock-walled canyons—"

"On one of these queer trains our packs were loaded into an ancient touring car—"

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

In The Heart Of The Cascade Range

Forty-six miles through the rugged heart of the northern Cascade mountains of Washington, from Hartford to Monte Cristo, runs a most astonishing railroad. Four miles up the trail from the line of this railroad, the Everett Council has its camp site on Lake Kelcema.

To explore some of the steep places in this wild region and particularly to experience a trip over this railroad, a party of eleven scouts and two leaders started out from Seattle on October 25th, 1923, when a school teachers' convention provided two convenient extra holidays.

We drove by auto forty miles from Seattle to Hartford, the western terminus of the Hartford Eastern Railroad. We had previously arranged for passage—one of the unique things about this road is that during most of the year it runs trains only "on request."

The road was built by the Rockefeller interests in 1891 to 1893, when there was prospect of great mining developments in gold and silver in the northern Cascade mountains. Near its right of way many claims were staked and thousands of dollars of stock company funds were spent, but though encouraging samples were found, no pay ore was ever taken out, and the boom towns that sprang up thirty years ago are clusters of deserted shacks today. Ambitious names they have, these lonely stations—Gold Basin,

Silverton, Bonanza Queen, and the like—but their only inhabitants are a few surviving prospectors too old to change their minds or too poor to come out.

The railroad is now operated by an Everett concern to serve the handful of residents of these towns and the few hunters and hikers who go into this wildest portion of the Cascades. Locomotives and cars being too expensive, the rolling stock consists of several gasoline trucks, fitted with railroad wheels and surmounted by bus bodies, handled much in the manner of one-man street cars.

The scenery along the Hartford Eastern is majestic in the extreme. For most of its length the track follows the course of the Stilaguamish river through rock-walled canyons and forest-clothed gorges, clinging dizzily to the edges of towering cliffs, often forced into tunnels where the roaring stream claims the entire space in its cavernous valley.

The maintenance-of-way costs are enormous. The Stilaguamish river resents the intrusion of this man-made thing into its fastnesses, and each year causes cave-ins, washouts, and landslides that call for extensive repairs. Two years ago, in a period of unusually high water, the roadbed was destroyed in a dozen places and service was interrupted for months.

On one of the queer "trains" of this transportation system, our party started out from Hartford at 10 A. M., our packs being carried on an ancient touring car that served as trailer. Fifteen miles up the river, an uncompleted bridge obstructed our way. We transferred our duffle onto a hand-car and pushed it out across the wooden trestle where a great caterpillar crane was working. How we could go further was hard to see, for the crane completely blocked the trestle. The engineer told us to get onto a platform suspended from the crane. We crowded on and in a breath-taking moment were suddenly picked up and swung around far out over the swift river to the track at the further side of the trestle.

Here occurred an incident which impressed on our boys the

value of calks and hobnails. The engineer, wearing ordinary shoes with smooth soles, picked up from the crane platform a box of apples consigned to a station up the road. Turning to carry it up the track, he slipped and fell headlong over the edge of the bridge. He would have been killed on the rocks far below, but he struck the head of a new pile several feet beneath the edge of the trestle and clung to it desperately until strong arms pulled him back to safety.

"Too bad about those apples," he said when he got his breath again.

We loaded the freight and our own outfits onto another car and proceeded, finally reaching the Bonanza Queen trail. Here we got off, ate our lunch, and slung our packs for the climb to Lake Kelcema.

The four-mile trail up Deer Creek to the lake is fairly steep, for it crosses twelve hundred-foot contour lines on the way. A mile from the railroad are the remains of the Bonanza Queen mine, a few decaying shanties and a high half mile cableway across the valley to the tunnel entrance in an almost perpendicular mountainside. Three miles up the trail is the "St. Louis" mine. Here, the boys took flashlights and explored the low-roofed tunnel, but found so much water in it a short distance from the entrance that they were forced to turn back.

At three o'clock we reached Lake Kelcema, a beautiful diamond shaped gem of clear emerald water about a quarter of a mile across. On one side Deer Creek flows out through a grove of Alaska cedar; on the other three sides steep mountain walls rise a thousand feet, almost from the water's edge.

In the grove of white trunked cedars near the shore, stands the log cabin which is the headquarters of Camp Kelcema and which was to serve as our shelter.

Though the lake was icy, a swim was the first order of business. Then a fire was quickly built in the sheet iron stove which

an overworked pack horse had brought up from the railroad, and supper mulligan, of dehydrated vegetables, meat, and macaroni was put in the pot.

After supper we turned in immediately, for the next day there would be stiff climbing. Some slept on bunks in the cabin, chancing the athletic rats; others pitched their own lightweight shelters outside and laid their sleeping bags on the frosty ground. It wasn't frozen sufficiently to be hard, and its springiness was derived from the fact that the humus, or leaf mold and bark mold, was six or eight inches thick above the solid mineral soil.

The clear cold night brought a fine rest to those who had rightly calculated their shelter. In the morning, our breakfast was of oatmeal, prunes, whole wheat bread, and cocoa; a quick clean-up of dishes and the cabin followed; then the gang was off to scale Mt. Helena, which was supposed to be several miles to the northward.

Mace Schooley, fat boy of the outfit, was additionally handicapped by having no calks or hob-nails in his shoes, but the slipping that detained him on the first part of the trip, where a sort of trail was available, was nothing to what happened when he got up in the snow and among the rocks.

Four hours of struggling with contours brought the gang above timber line where we could look around, and it was a shock to discover that Mt. Helena rose majestically a couple of miles northwest of the mountain we were on. Ignorant of our own mountain's identity, we nevertheless went on up, coming to some fairly steep rock work and finally reaching a narrow ledge just below the top. The remaining few feet were absolutely straight up, so the summit wasn't reached. A magnificent view of the entire Cascade range, from Mt. Rainier on the south to Mt. Baker on the north, with silver-tipped Olympics rising jaggedly against the western horizon, was spread before us. More than a hundred miles in every direc-

tion our vision extended in the clear atmosphere,—an ample reward for the morning's labor.

The return trip was just a matter of crashing through underbrush all the way back to Lake Kelcema where we learned that we had been on the "Devil's Thumb," a peak that probably has never been scaled all the way to the top.

That evening, after a powerful dinner, we sat around the sheet-iron stove in the cabin. In other places, or in other company, songs and a story would have been in order; in this case just talk was the thing. The talk ran on subjects that still sounded strange to ex-easterners present—the merits of pack boards, the advantages of square hobs over screw calks, the possible uses of an ice axe, and the proper weight of wool-bat sleeping bags for winter travel.

Ranger Jack Tusler was reminded of incidents of the mining days, when prospectors expected speedy wealth from the new mines along the wild-cat railroad. He also discussed present real estate values in the one-time mining metropolis of Silverton. Two grocery stores were running there up to a few weeks ago, he said, when one of the merchants bought the store, land, stock, and good-will of the other for $150.00, with seven cords of stove wood thrown in because of a cash payment on the deal.

An ambitious brand-new first class scout in the party interrupted Tusler's flow of information by asking for a merit badge examination in Camping.

"Sure," said Jack. "Just sit down there at the table and write up a complete list of the outfit, grub and all, that you'd take for a week in the mountains at this season of the year."

A general silence marked this request, and the ranger caused another pause by saying, "I'd like to get out in a tight place with some of these Eagle scouts and see what they are good for!"

The four Eagle scouts in the bunch looked at each other more or less uneasily, though at least three of them had already been in tight places and come through in splendid fashion.

Finally, the fire and the candle burned out, and we turned in for another night, after deciding that the unnamed mountain across the lake would be our objective for Saturday's climb.

The morning was fine, and with assurance of perfect visibility again, we started up with Tusler as guide, pulling ourselves hand over hand up the steep base of the mountain through vine maple and young alder thickets.

In an hour, after many pauses to let our fat explorer get his breath, we came out of the timber just below the rocky ridge which led to the summit of the mountain. Like many other ridges in the Cascades and the Olympics that look ordinary enough when approached from the gradually sloping side, this ridge had a real kick in it, for when we reached it, we found it less than a foot wide, with a straight drop of five hundred to a thouand feet into a forested valley on the other side. This ridge was simply a series of upturned slabs of rocks, one side having been cut off sheer in ancient glacial days, while the other side, by which we had approached, was a gradual rock slide covered with soil nearly to the top.

Here and there in the rocky crest small gnarled trees struggled for life, and these helped us upward as we climbed on just below the ridge toward the summit. Soon we hit a place where both sides of the ridge fell away steeply, and we had to crawl up a narrow sloping ledge that followed faults in the rock slabs just below the top for several hundred feet. Here three members of the party halted, including "Fat," who was afraid the ledge wasn't wide enough to extend beyond his center of gravity.

A scout is never urged in mountain climbing to go where he feels nervous or dizzy, for even though no real danger may exist for those whose nerves remain steady, it is recognized that high situations affect various persons differently and it is no disgrace to be unwilling to go on when a jumpy feeling might lead to a stumble and perhaps a fall.

"—Pitched their light-weight shelters and laid their sleeping bags on the frosty ground."

Tusler led the rest of the party safely to the pinnacle, where names were written on a list that was left in a small rock cairn. The view was equal to that of the previous day; the lake and the camp clearing far below looked tiny and remote, as if we could not possibly have left them only two hours before.

The first part of the way down was worse than coming up—it always is—but we got back into the timber without accident, and then slid down, first over the snow patches and then over the tangled ground, clutching alder and vine maple branches to stop ourselves at the edge of occasional cliffs, and rolling sometimes fifty feet when the steeply sloping ground afforded no foothold. Part of the gang went ahead; four of us remained to keep company with the extra-slipping Mace Schooley, who would have been a complete wreck except for his generous padding, and we lost ourselves, taking a course that led us beyond the edge of the lake into the maze of undergrowth in the valley just below it. This meant an extra half hour of struggling before we floundered out into the clearing, and time was short for us to hit the trail to the railroad where we had an appointment with our "special train" at 2:30.

We ate our lunch of hard-tack, jam, cheese, and raisins quickly, gave the cabin its final clean-up, and traveled fast. We kept our appointment; most of the bunch made it in less than an hour all the way, and we clicked over the snaky rails toward civilization, dropping Jack Tusler at his station enroute.

We met the enterprising merchant prince of Silverton whom Tusler had told us about; he was at the station to see the semi-weekly limited pull in. We shall never forget him, for he supported the most luxuriant and remarkable foliage that ever concealed a man's chin. A moustache of tremendous density overhung his mouth so far that we marveled how he could feed himself, and wished we might see him eat. He was smoking a long stemmed

pipe; we realized that he couldn't smoke a short one without running a grave risk of a forest fire.

Probably he was entitled to all the distinction his whiskers gave him, for he was not only Silverton's leading business man, but postmaster, "mayor," and constable as well—a striking figure eloquent of the departed days when these offices had carried real responsibilities.

The magnificent landscape along the right-of-way unreeled in reverse order as we rolled on down to Hartford, and it inspired us to talk of our next major adventure, which was to be a winter trip to Mt. Rainier National Park. All the way home we talked of it and made plans. It was to be no experiment, just a repetition of an annual event, but an event that is unique in the list of unusual mountaineering enterprises.

Every year, in mid-winter or in the early spring, Tacoma and Seattle scouts join in a snow shoe and skii trip into the white spaces around the base of that grandest of all American mountains that rises to an altitude of 14,408 feet above the green shores of Puget Sound, the monarch of the Cascade range, Mt. Rainier.

In Paradise Valley, at an altitude of 5500 feet, the Rainier National Park company has built a large hotel called Paradise Inn, which is thronged for two short months in summer with tourists from all over the world. The snow comes early and remains late at that altitude, and winter finds the three-story Inn completely buried under a thirty foot blanket of snow. Supplies are stored at the Inn in the fall for the Mountaineers, the Scouts, and the few other hardy outdoor folk who make the difficult trip up from the Park entrance via snowshoe to visit it during its most wonderful season. Entrance is gained through an attic window or an excavation to one of the doors, huge fires are kindled in the great fireplaces, candles and lanterns illuminate the dark, snowbound interior, and the Inn becomes a headquarters for exciting winter sport in a superb setting.

Of what has befallen scouts on these trips and on other treks into the winter wilderness where no hotel offered shelter, there isn't room to tell in this present volume. The summer hikes around Mt. Rainier, too, with their incidents of close acquaintance with bear and mountain goats, have a tale of their own worth telling. In the Cascades and the Olympics there have been many other trips that would have furnished material for a dozen good yarns.

There was the feat of the two scoutmasters who were the second party ever to reach the rocky summit of Mt. Constance, highest peak in the eastern Olympic range. They made the difficult ascent in a dense fog, bent upon doing a unique good turn. Two other mountaineers had succeeded in scaling the pinnacle of this mountain two months before, but their accomplishment was doubted by the old timers of the region who had announced after previous attempts that the summit of Mt. Constance was absolutely inaccessible. The two mountaineers claimed to have left their names on a page from a pocket notebook in a small cairn which they had built upon the summit, and there the two scoutmasters found it, verifying the earlier questioned achievement. But for the fog which hid the dizzy depths below and the perpendicular heights above, the record might have remained undisturbed and unverified; as it was, the scoutmasters made the ascent in ignorance of most of their perils.

Then there was the enterprise of two scouts who set out from Camp Parsons to find the "eleven lost lakes" of Mt. Jupiter, a peak of unknown height in an extremely rugged and entirely trailless region between the Duckabush and the Dosewallips rivers. They found the lakes, climbed Mt. Jupiter, and brought back an intelligible map of their route. Incidentally they learned from the record in a tin can on the summit that the solitude of Mt. Jupiter apparently had not been interrupted for seventeen years.

There was the thrilling trip of three other older scouts who penetrated into the northern portion of the Olympic range and came to "Copper City," a completely equipped and entirely abandoned mining town at the end of an exceedingly rough pack-horse trail far in the heart of the mountains. They explored the half-mile tunnel at the mine, followed the Dungeness river to its headwaters in the snow fields behind Mt. Constance, and traveled over Alpine meadows carpeted with acres of gorgeous wild flowers before topping two six-thousand-foot ridges on their way back to Camp Parsons with a tale of adventure that led many parties of scouts to follow in their tracks during the course of succeeding summers.

There was the expedition which went in to seek a possible route to "The Brothers" mountain by way of the Duckabush river, and felled a tall tree on which to cross the roaring stream. On a steep mountain side beyond the river they lost their way and on their return had to ford the waist deep icy current in the evening to reach their camp.

There were the ambitious Sea Scouts, possessed of a reconditioned thirty-foot whaleboat that once belonged to the liner Mauretania. They started from Camp Parsons at full tide on a stormy night and tried to stem the wind and waves in the canal channel for a voyage to Seattle. They brought up high and dry on a lee shore before daylight, and after waiting for another flood tide to float their craft they battled three days and nights with perverse tides and adverse winds before they reached their destination. Their craft was later named the "Saturday Night" because of its striking resemblance to a bath tub; its broadside presented a much greater surface to the wind than its two sails. On a subsequent voyage this clipper logged nearly four knots over the five-mile route from Camp Parsons to Brinnon.

There was the experience of Otto Lessing, a scout and student at the University of Wisconsin, who on a chance visit to the Northwest was induced to join an expedition into the most remote Olympic regions. On the trip unnamed peaks were climbed, unnamed streams were discovered, and a large herd of elk was viewed at close range. Otto learned mountaineering so fast that he was still gasping when he returned to Camp Parsons a week later. He had never before seen anything higher than the Michigan Avenue skyline in Chicago.

There was the exploit of Scoutmaster Harold Ware, who led a party clear across the Olympic mountains from the Canal to the Pacific ocean in five and a half days, the usual time for such a trip being two weeks.

"The weather was cloudy and we couldn't see much, so we just kept traveling right along"—thus Ware accounted for it afterward. Two years later, on a less strenuous schedule, he led another party over the same route, and one of the hikers, a prominent Canadian scout officer, insisted on wearing his shorts all the way, through devils' clubs and alder thickets, over rock slides, past hornets' nests, and all the other obstacles of the Olympic jungles and ridges.

There was the hike to Mt. Elinor in the southern part of the range, and the discovery of an unnamed lake at its western base, where fourteen perspiring scouts undressed on a snow bank on a hot July day and plunged into the crystal clear water for a cooling swim. They had slid down a mile-long snow field from a high pass to reach the lake, and the effort of holding themselves back to a reasonably safe speed at which to dodge protruding boulders had brought sweat to their brows, while the friction of snow on khaki cloth had nearly burned their breeches.

Possibly these and other fresh adventures that are crowding scouts' careers and testing their abilities in this northwestern country can be told, if time affords, in another story. For the present they can all be characterized in this fragment of mountaineering verse:

"Sling your pack and sling it right,
Draw your belt and draw it tight;
Set your pace and set it strong—
Unmapped trails we'll follow long!
Canyon deep and mountain high—
Forest aisle and open sky—
All the wilderness about,
Calls the huskier, hardier scout!"

1. "We reached Lake Kelcema—" (Note the pack-boards worn by both these hikers.)
2. "—Some fairly steep work on a rock slide just below the top."
3. "—Crawling along a narrow sloping ledge for several hundred feet."

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